THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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MARCH.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Ring out a passing knell—
Dead is the Winter-King!
Over his grave let snowdrops wave
And the golden crocus spring.

The sun with kisses warm
Hath lulled him into rest,
And unchained streams in waking dreams
A new-crowned Queen have blest.

Winter's fair youngest-born
Stands doubting where to tread,
The violet dyes are in her eyes,
And the breaking clouds o'erhead.

The wild winds toss about
The maiden's shining hair;
The birds sweet sing, the flowers up-spring,
And the fount make music rare.

Strew snowdrops o'er his grave,
O maiden fair to see!
A King lies low under the snow,
And has left his crown to thee.

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!

OR,

The Trail of the Scarlet Seven.

A Romance of the Fatal March.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

Author of "Wolf Cap," "Lost Sachem," "Silver Rifle," "Weptonomah," Etc., Etc., Etc., Etc.

Braddock uttered an ejaculation of astonishment, which caused Washington to raise his head, and they gazed upon the unceremonious intruder.

PROLOGUE.

March was going out like a lion. It was the March of 1737, and the storm that sang in discordant notes the requiem of the blusterly months, seemed determined to shiver the nethermost foundation stones of Kensett Castle. Records will tell you, reader, that it was a mad night. Above the shrieking of the wind could be heard the rain, and the vivid flashes of lightning revealed the turbid creeks rushing into the Severn. Dark and grim above the swelling torrent stood the castle whose name I have just written—a great, unshapely pile of masonry, erected, as the style indicated, in the time of Edward the Confessor. It was replete with turrets, donjons, and the now seldom seen gargoyles, and beyond the spacious courts were wide moats well furnished with draws.

From a single window far above the court, and near the strongest donjon on the keep, flashed a light that revealed a drenched sill and the pelting rain.

It was the hour of midnight that the light in the armory of Kensett Castle shone brightest. Let us see what it revealed within the room, and hear what the skeleton knights in armor might have heard.

The chamber was long and, for an armory, quite wide. Its ceiling was high and artistically fretted, and a hundred varieties of ancient armor adorned the walls. Helmets and hauberks that told the story of a Cressy or an Agincourt were there; and swords, battle-axes, and arquebuses without number.

But the occupants of the armory that stormy night?

They were two men. The one who stood near the window, biting his lips and clenching his white hands, was tall, well built, and about thirty years of age. He had the look of a military man, though no insignia of the art of war adorned his person. He seemed born to command. His black eye flashed proudly as it swept the room, and took in its warlike appointments; and the gleam of the flash remained when it fell upon his companion.

"I did not invite you here," he said, in a tone that proclaimed his words the continuation of an unpleasant talk. "You came to Kensett for the purpose of insulting me and mine."

"You have wronged me, Sir Martel Kensett," cried the second person, a youth who had not passed his first and twentieth year. "Hell could not insult the saints as you have insulted me. You have stooped to chicanery as mad as the howling storm without to triumph over my love. Yester morning to you was born a child that should have been born to me. You are the father of that boy by lies, by intrigues, by everything that is evil! My blood should course through his tiny veins, not yours. Sir, I came hither to swear eternal hatred to the name of Kensett—to swear that I will have vengeance for my wrongs. I am a Mortyn—you know the name—and you shall curse it as you curse the fires of perdition. For the sake of the wife and mother in Kensett to-night, I spare you."

The tall man laughed, and moved towards a sword rack.

"Forget her!" he cried. "Fight me now—here, Llewellyn Mortyn!"

"I will not!"

"I dare you to the combat—coward! villain! liar!"

The youth's face grew crimson, and his hands shut.

"You cannot provoke me," he said, looking at the angry Kensett. "We will meet again. So sure as God rules the elements that shriek like demons, will this right hand wipe out my wrongs. I hate the new-born babe as I hate you, its parent. I will smite him! I will make him curse the day of his birth, and you shall see him suffer a hell of torture. It may be years before the vials of wrath by this hand will be reopened. Then, Martel Kensett, prepare for the shadow that enwraps the tomb, and teach your boy that he is doomed. Vengeance for the wrongs too long endured! Stand aside, and let me pass."

Sir Martel Kensett mechanically stepped aside, and saw his mortal foe reach the threshold of the armory.

"Farewell, but not forever," said the youth. "We will meet again. Heaven, earth or hell cannot separate us till the judgment day; and when I raise my hand for vengeance, all the powers that be cannot arrest its descent. You are doomed! your son is doomed! The anniversary of your births shall prove days of mourning. Farewell."

He waived his hand towards the master of Kensett, and flung wide the armory door.

The grating of the portal seemed to rouse Sir Martel from a lethargy.

With a soldier's oath he darted at his foe, but a sudden gust of wind extinguished the light, and left him in almost palpable darkness.

From beyond the door, and far down the corridor, came a laugh, devilish, triumphant, and revengeful.

It was the cachinnation of his enemy.

For a moment Sir Kensett stood on the threshold, then he groped his way to the casement, found the lamp, and retreated in the gloom.

He descended to a room beneath the armory, and, while relighting the lamp, the faint cry of a babe came to his ears. He started.

"That is the cry of Kensett's heir," he said. "The Mortyn fiend shall not harm him. I swear it, by the souls of the saints! I will slay the villain on sight!"

He finished speaking, and his eyes flashed madly. After a moment he picked up the lamp, and was leaving the room, when a peal of thunder broke over the castle.

Sir Martel's face suddenly grew pale, the lamp almost dropped from his hand, and he staggered back, gasping:

"Did the thunder speak? By the soul of my mother I heard a voice say:

"The Kensett name is doomed to destruction. Mortyn will keep his oath."

CHAPTER I.

COUGAR DICK'S WARNING.

What can I more?
I've warned thee, admonished thee, foretold
The danger, and the lurking enemy
That lie in wait; beyond this had been force,
And force upon free will hath here no place.
Milton.

The stars of the 8th of July, 1755, looked down upon the unwonted spectacle of a British army encamped in the wilderness of Pennsylvania. On the left of the army flowed the tortuous and beautiful Youghiogheny, which a few rods beyond the halting place debouched into the Monongahela. The rank and file of the invading force consisted of 1,200 men, and its leader was a soldier of tried merit—a victor in German and Spanish wars—Edward Braddock. For weeks the hardy soldiers had toilsomely marched through the unbroken wilderness, and that eventful night they were in good spirits, for their goal was near at hand.

On the morrow—the disastrous 9th—they hoped to rest within the bastions of Fort Du Quesne. An easy victory had been promised them, for it was rumored that the French intended to evacuate the fort. But, alas! they did not know that the man who seemed born for the purpose of defeating Braddock, stood under the very flag that waved over the ramparts. Had Captain Beaujin never been born, this story of the fatal march would never be told.

The events that preceded the arrival of Braddock's army at the junction of the two rivers I have already mentioned belong to history, and the historical student will recall them as he reads. But let me sketch them in a few words, for the history of those times, though often related, will never grow old. Then the art of war was learned by a man who gave us in after times a nation—George Washington.

For ten centuries a national feud had existed between France and England, and this sentiment of utter dislike cherished by the colonies of the respective nations produced the fiercest of jealousies. The avocations of the contending parties differed essentially; the English were planters, the French, traders; but so long as the latter kept their stations in the interior of the New World, away from the settlements of the former on the seaboard, commendable equanimity reigned. But when England wrested Louisburg from her ancient foe in 1745, the French resolved that the extension of British power in America should cease. When they made treaties of alliance with the Delawares and Shawnees, and commenced the erection of a cordon of fortresses between Montreal and New Orleans, the English were aroused to effective action in defence of territorial rights conceded to them in ancient charters.

Strife and counter-strife grew hot between the rivals across the water, and tired of throwing bunches of turf, they at last began to throw stones. The imprisonment of English traders who found their way to the Ohio region drew forth a remonstrance from Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia; but the remonstrances borne to the French by Major Washington were laughed to scorn, and both parties prepared for war.

General Braddock was placed at the head of the British forces in America, and in June he left Wills' Creek (now Cumberland, Pa.), for the purpose of reducing Fort Du Quesne, the most important of the French posts in the disputed territory. He was a veteran, as I have already said; he could brook no words from an inferior, and his arrogant spirit, tamed when it was too late, drenched the soil of Pennsylvania with his Irish blood.

But with this historical digression, let us return to the encampment, and behold a scene that should have saved the army.

It was nine o'clock at night, and there was a light in Braddock's well-worn marquee. The candle that illuminated the interior of the tent was stuck in a rather fanciful candlestick on a rough pine table. Across the boards was stretched a map of the disputed land, and beside it a smaller parchment, containing a good drawing of Du Quesne and its environs. The furniture of the apartment consisted of several camp stools, and an officer's campaign cot. Bending over the table, with an index finger on the map, stood a handsome young officer, whose face was a little scarred by the smallpox. He was tall and athletic, and had not, evidently, passed his twenty-second year. He was clad in the uniform of a colonel in the colonial army, and a handsome sword hung at his side. His eyes were not fastened on the rude tracery before him; on the contrary, they rested on the company of red-coated men who stood about the table.

One of these men was a portly person of about five and forty. He looked like a soldier—he was a soldier, for he wrote his name, "Major General Edward Braddock." The colonial colonel was our country's hero—Washington.

Sir Peter Halket and Colonel Gage (afterwards so well known as the commander of the British forces in Boston at the beginning of the Revolution) were present; also other military men whose names and future deeds will be recorded hereafter.

It was the last council that the unfortunate Braddock ever held.

"I regret that I cannot convince my general of the propriety of sending a company of scouts in advance of the army," said Colonel Washington, in the calm voice that characterized him through life. "We will not meet the foe in open field, because he has no force to cope with us thus. He knows this, as well as we. The American Indian exhibits but his rifle when he fights, and when he fires, a foe falls. I would again assure the council that my Virginians are Indian fighters; they have repeatedly met the savage on his own ground, and after his own manner of fighting, and," with swelling pride, "they have vanquished him! I will lead a company of scouts before the army, and if defeat then occurs, *I* will shoulder the blame."

All eyes were fixed on Braddock, on whose reply hung the fate of the devoted army. A cold sneer rested on his thin lip, and there was a light like the gleam of resentment in his eye. His Hibernian humor that often twinkled there was now missing.

"I will shoulder the defeat myself," he said, resentingly, looking sternly at the youthful Virginian. "The soldiers of the king comprise the van of my army, and no others shall precede them. This is not my first campaign, and I will show these insolent red fellows to-morrow that a British general cannot be taught how to fight them. The idea of a few half-naked Indians ambushing a disciplined army is the climax of absurdity."

A scornful cachinnation rippled over Braddock's lips as he finished, and the pale, fever-worn cheeks of Washington, for he had left a sick bed to join the army, turned crimson. To conceal his chagrin, he turned to the map and ran his finger across the parchment, covered with black lines and dots. His sensitive nature felt the wound so harshly inflicted, and Braddock, in a look at his fellow officers, seemed to gloat over the provincial's pain.

"I concur ——" began Sir Peter Halket, when the curtains of the marquee were parted, and the sentence was never finished.

Braddock, who partly faced the opening, uttered an ejaculation of astonishment, which caused Washington to raise his head, and the soldiers gazed on the unceremonious intruder upon the privacy of the bellic council.

The intruder was an Indian, tall, sinewy and warlike. His head was shaven to the pericranium, from which grew a long scalp-lock, ornamented with heron feathers, and, save two yellow rings on his cheeks, his person was not painted. He wore buckskin leggings, ornamented with dyed fringes, and a belt formed from the skin of the cougar girded his dusky loins. His right hand clutched a long-barreled rifle that rested on his left arm. It was a weapon of French manufacture, and on the butt, as the candle revealed, was this inscription, "Louisburg, 1745."

Washington's surprise exceeded that of his comrades, and he whispered to the British general:

"It is Cougar Dick. *Richard le Cougar*, the French call him."

Braddock, wondering how the young colonel knew this, was turning to question him when the intruder spoke:

"Cougar Dick comes from the council fires of the French," he said in deep-toned but remarkably good English. "He comes to tell the English to keep their eyes open, for the French and Indians will draw them between two fires. Cougar Dick does not want to see the English die like sheep; but if they follow the trail as they have, with no spies ahead, they will surely die thus."

Washington threw a triumphant look at Braddock.

"Are you not our foe?" asked the commander, fixing his eyes upon the Indian. "Your people are proverbial liars; why should I believe *you*?"

"When Cougar Dick lies, the great river will dry up," retorted the Indian, with flashing eyes. "There is a bad man in the French fort who says to the red men: 'Go out and fight the British and the long knife,' and his words are making them hot for war. The British captain must keep his best trailers before; if he does not, he will march into the snare, and his scalp will hang in some red man's belt. Cougar Dick ran many miles to tell him this."

Braddock smiled and turned to his officers.

"Well, Kensett, what do you think of this?" he said, addressing a portly officer whose hair was streaked with gray.

"We must take the Indian's statement with many grains of allowance," was the reply. "He may be a spy."

The last sentence was finished abruptly, for the speaker found the Indian regarding him with devilish glare. Cougar Dick seemed to have encountered an enemy whom he had not met for years, and every member of the council noted his emotion.

"What says the English captain?" the Indian suddenly asked. "Cougar Dick has told him of the hidden foe."

"I will follow my own inclinations," said Braddock, haughtily. "I have commanded in the field before. No savage, though he be a sachem, shall suggest for a British general!"

The Indian bit his lip, and his hand grew tighter on the rifle-stock.

"Then let the British soldier remember Cougar Dick when the wall of fire is all about him!" he hissed, stepping back. "The French will not run; the tomahawks of the Shawnees will be bloody to-morrow!"

Then, with the last word still quivering his lips, Cougar Dick parted the curtains, and when they met again, he was not visible.

Braddock started forward.

"The fellow is a spy," he said, "and we must arrest him!"

But without the tent not a person was in sight, and, as if retracting his resolution, the general re-entered the marquee.

"Provincials and Indians shall not dictate to a Braddock," he whispered to the soldier called Kensett, whom he passed near the entrance. "Where are you going?"

"Into the air," was the reply; and the speaker passed out.

When the curtains of the tent had closed behind him, he paused a moment, and then began to walk up and down before the headquarters. One hand was hidden beneath his scarlet coat, beautifully epauletted, while the other pressed his forehead.

"Those eyes! those devilish eyes!" he cried, uneasy in mind "Where have I encountered them before this night? When the general mentioned my name, the Indian started, and flashed me a look of vengeance. What am I to that heathen? What is he to me? And he looked at my son as if to say, 'I know the boy to be a Kensett; I will mark him, too.' Something terrible is to come of this meeting. I know it, for the Indian's look tells me so. But I will not shrink from the future. Gods, no! when my foes meet me, and cry for vengeance, they will find me a *Kensett!*"

CHAPTER II.

THE FRENCHMAN'S COURTSHIP.

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won."
Shakspeare.

While Braddock was holding his last and memorable council of war on the banks of the Youghiogheny, another eventful scene was taking place not many miles from the British camp.

Near the margin of a stream that debouched into the Monongahela, about four miles below the fork, stood a small and, to outward appearances, uncouth cabin. The axe had felled a few trees about it, and the clearing was entirely devoid of brush. A well-worn path led from the front and only door to the creek, and some flower lover had trained the timid honeysuckle to shade the window.

The peaceful surroundings of the hut proclaimed it the home of some quiet settler, yet beneath its roof dwelt the boldest, and the most implacable renegade of the Pennsylvania border.

He was an Englishman named Daniel Seymour; but his vindictive nature, and association with the Indians, had secured him the sobriquet of Red Dan.

For ten years he had dwelt in that cabin, and, at the opening of our romance, he was a strong and not unhandsome man of eight and thirty. He seemed to hate the very name of Anglo-Saxon; and the French, admiring him for the hate he cherished, had received him with open arms. He opposed the settlement of the Ohio valley by the English; and his bitterest enemy seemed that redoubtable borderman, surveyor, and spy, Christopher Gist—Washington's early friend—a character of history.

To the wilderness Red Dan brought a young girl, whom he said was his daughter. But she did not possess his nature. Her eyes were soft like the fawn's; her cheeks as fair as the river rose.

He called her Catharine, a name which the whites had abreviated and nicknamed by saying Kate.

It was her hands that trained the honeysuckle to climb the twisted sinews, and shade the window; and those same *petite* members could handle the deadly rifle.

Not far from the cabin was Logstown, the Indian settlement; and not many leagues away, by Laurel Hill, was the half-ruined colony that Gist had planted and defended with his strong arm.

While Braddock was convening his council, a man approached Daniel Seymour's cabin. His mission did not admit of secrecy, for he walked erect in starlight that bathed woods and stream in beauty, and his fingers toyed with the sword tassels at his side. He wore the fatigue uniform of a lieutenant in the service of his Majesty the King of France, and he wore it as became a Frenchman. In height he was about five feet six inches, his shoulders were broad, and his entire physique was indicative of great strength. His gray eyes and nut-brown hair were very handsome, and a long moustache hid his lips. Surely he had not passed his twenty-seventh year?

He came from the direction of Logstown, and when the cabin greeted his vision, he paused, with his eyes fastened upon it. After a moment's scrutiny that seemed to assure him that he could approach nearer, he moved on again until he reached the door which stood ajar.

A smile played with the hidden lips while he rapped delicately on the rough portal, and awaited a response. His very actions proclaimed him a wooer.

In response to his raps a footstep was heard beyond the threshold, and when the door opened, the Frenchman stepped back and lifted his *chapeau*.

"Good night, *mon amie*," he said to the girl who, with face flushed, stood in the doorway. "You seem alone; your father, I opine, is at Du Quesne?"

"I know not where he is," replied the girl, in a tone that must have told the lieutenant that his nocturnal visit was not in the highest sense agreeable. "He left at daybreak, I suppose, as he was not abed when I called him. Doubtless he is at Du Quesne."

For a moment the soldier seemed nonplussed; hat in hand he faced the maiden, and at a loss for words. She had left him "at sea" concerning a continuation of the conversation.

"There is much news," he said, at length, advancing. "The British army is approaching; and we talk about meeting it."

The renegade's daughter smiled.

"M. Dumas, you cannot cope with General Braddock," she said, leaning against the jamb, while the Frenchman occupied the wooden step, and looked up into her face. "Fort Du Quesne must fall. M. de Contrecœur, the commandant, must know this, if he is a soldier. Oh! I wish these fighting times were ended!"

"While an English soldier bears a musket south of the lakes, blood will flow," said Dumas, with spirit. "To-morrow night the result of Braddock's march will be known. I will bring you the tidings, if I return from the field at all."

"Then you are going out?" she asked.

"Beaujeau and Dumas will lead the French and Indians," he said, proudly. "But let us not talk of this. I came hither, *ma chere* Kate, for your answer. I was to have it to-night, and, on the eve of the battle, I demand it."

There was fear and anxiety strangely commingled in the Frenchman's eyes, and he noted the blush that mantled the maiden's cheeks.

"Your father favors my suit," he went on; "and, *ma chere*, if you but knew how Lecour Dumas loves you!"

"I have never sought your love, M. Dumas," the girl said, firmly. "My father may control my hand, but my heart is my own. I hope that no breach may ever exist between us, but I must again reject the offer you have repeatedly made."

The Frenchman's face grew crimson, and he staggered rather than stepped from the stoop. He glared at the girl, whose face was serene as a summer noon, until his fingers twined themselves about the hilt of his sword; then it grew pale.

"This is the ending of love," he said, in an unnatural voice. "Lecour Dumas can throw himself upon the English bayonets to-morrow, and die!"

"He can die thus, if he wishes," retorted the girl. "Surely his life is in his own hands? I am sure the English would hail the sacrifice with joy."

"Ah! would they?" cried Dumas. "Then I will not give my breast to their steel, for I hate whatsoever an Englishman loves. Catharine Seymour, will you not retract your decision?"

"I have spoken. In affairs of the heart I never speak twice."

"I shall appeal to your father."

"And from his decision I shall dissent, if I wish, M. Dumas. He is your friend, and will decide for you. I know this; and let me say now, that Kate Seymour will never become your wife. She never loved you. You can meet the English, and end your despair with a bullet, if you wish."

She moved as if to re-enter the house, and the soldier started forward.

"Catharine Seymour, I am not going to give you up!" he cried, passionately. "You do not know Lecour Dumas of the king's army. The blood of the Medici is in his veins. The balls and bayonets of the British are not for this breast, and I swear that I will come out of the battle to call you Madame Dumas. Your father has given you to me, and the man who dares to come between us, I will hunt down and slay like a dog. Good night."

With the mockery on his lips, he turned on his heel, and walked towards the river, leaving the girl regarding his retreating form from the door.

"Beware! M. Dumas," she murmured. "Colonel Washington's Virginians are death shots."

Then she shut the door, and did not see the dusky, girlish figure that crept from a shadow not far from the cabin, and hastened after the angry Frenchman.

CHAPTER III.

STRANGE ORDERS.

Slay them not amid the battle,
They are mine, with them I deal;
I will meet the foeman hated,
Arm to arm and steel to steel.

T. C. H.

Cougar Dick was not permitted to leave the English camp unnoticed.

When he emerged from Braddock's quarters, the eyes of the most noted backwoodsman were upon him. This man was a veritable giant, and he could walk noiselessly through the brushy forest, and trail the wily Indian through its funereal recesses at night.

He was Washington's friend and favorite spy, a hater of English renegades and the French, and the Indians' foe. Christopher Gist is not a myth; his deeds have been recorded by the pens of Irving, Prescott, and Headly.

He was the man who followed Cougar Dick from the council to the environs of the camp, thence into the forest. By-and-by the Indian turned to the river again, as if he had altered a resolution, and up the bank of the Monongahela he led the scout.

"That red imp is breaking for Du Quesne," muttered Gist; "and I now begin to believe that he is an accursed spy—that his warning is all sham. For a shilling I'd catch the rascal, and make him tell the truth. No! I'll follow him to the walls of the fort, and see how things look up there. I can get back to the army before it moves."

After reaching the river, Cougar Dick increased his gait; but Gist did not permit him to elude him. For three and a half miles up the river the chief made a straight trail, when he suddenly turned to the right, and pushed up the rather precipitious bank of a creek whose bed was almost dry.

This change, of course, puzzled the borderman, and he began to guess at the Shawnee's destination.

"Where can the fellow be going?" he said, vexed at his ill-success at guessing to his satisfaction. "He's left the Du Quesne trail, and now he is pushing up Turtle Creek at a fearful rate. He is up to mischief; I know it, and I'll follow him till he halts."

Not long thereafter was the scout obliged to follow the night hawk; for in a shadowy glade at the termination of the steep banks Cougar Dick halted; and the hoot of an owl twice repeated crept, dismally echoed, through the wood.

"Business," muttered the Virginian, dropping on his knees on the ground. "Now I will spot the traitor and his friends."

Presently the faint cry of the night hawk floated down the shimmering water, and two figures joined the Shawnee. There was the silent pressure of hands, and Gist was bending forward to catch the words of which he heard but confused murmurs, when footsteps fell upon his ears.

They proceeded from a point to his left, and seemed to approach him; and the intrepid hunter held his breath, and hugged the ground.

Tramp, tramp, tramp, through the aisles of the forest came four giant figures, and not daring to lift his eyes, Gist heard a quartette of moccasined savages pass within arm's length of him.

When the last had passed he looked up and counted seven figures in the glade. The headdresses of six of the number consisted of four long feathers, plucked by ruthless hands from the wings of the inoffensive heron, while the plume of the seventh contained but three. The seventh Indian was Cougar Dick.

The scout saw the savages cluster about the Shawnee chief, whose hand waved them aside, and they formed a circle, in the centre of which he stood.

"I know them now," ejaculated the hunter, in a low tone. "For the first time in my life I behold the Scarlet Seven, without one missing; and the devil I have followed from Braddock's tent is their leader. Ah! if I had half a dozen of the colonel's boys here now, I'd make the frontiers ring with joy. The Scarlet Seven has desolated more homes within the last six months than the remainder of the tribe; but now, that I know them, their terrible deeds shall decrease. Cougar Dick, I have marked you, and if we meet to-morrow, as I trust we may, there will be one red traitor less."

The scout paused rather abruptly, for Cougar Dick was speaking.

"Cougar Dick stole from the English camp, and no eye saw him leave," said the chief. "The army will move to-morrow. Beaujeau will meet them at the river, for they must cross the water. My braves must see that the great general falls on the field; they must slay the red-coats who have crossed the great water to fight them and their friends, the French. Cougar Dick will not let his rifle cool to-morrow. But there are two soldiers you must not touch. Listen! They ride with the English general. The hair of the oldest is full of white lines, and he has a red scar on his cheek. The younger one is a boy—almost the youngest who rides with Braddock—and he will be found beside the man with the white hair and the scar, who is his father. They are Cougar Dick's, and his warriors must not lift a rifle against them. Will the braves obey?"

"Tenariscco's words have been heard," said one of the Seven, "and our rifles will spare the two red-coats for him. Are they Tenariscco's friends?"

The scout heard the grating of teeth follow the Indian's question.

"Friends!" echoed Cougar Dick. "Have the Avengers forgotten that no man who wears a red coat can be Cougar Dick's friend. Whom his braves hates, he hates. But spare the two red-coats to-morrow, and let future moons look down upon their fate. Let the Avengers stand firm and miss no hearts. The Frenchman, M. Dumas, offers one thousand francs and fifty rifles for the great British captain's scalp; and Cougar Dick will give one hundred guns for the hair of the giant trailer."

"That means Christopher Gist," said the scout, with a smile. "Beware, Cougar Dick, my fingers may become entangled in your scalp-lock."

A few minutes later the strange council broke up; the Indians turned, and crossing the creek, proceeded towards Fort Du Quesne in a body.

After watching them disappear, Gist rose to his feet, and retraced his steps.

"The air is full of mystery and treachery," he muttered. "Here's an Indian chief hating two men who have not been six months from England. Braddock's infernal obstinacy has doomed the army. If he would die on his cot to-night, there would be no massacre to-morrow; the others would listen to Washington. Some men are born blockheads. I'm getting feverish; I wish to-morrow would come!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FLUENT PEOPLE.

Great talkers, talk they never so well, are seldom popular in society. They are monopolists, and monopolists, whether they take an undue advantage of us by making extortionate demands upon our time, or by mulcting our pockets, are naturally viewed with dislike. It is your respectful listener who knows how to drop a word in season, but never seeks to engross the undivided attention of the company, who is pronounced a "pleasant fellow," excellent company," "a delightful companion." Madame de Staël was one of the most voluble of women, and she talked well, but she had few friends. She taxed her conversational powers to their fullest extent in the hope of charming Goethe. The result was that he hated her with a perfect hatred. Schiller, who was more polite than his great cotemporary, admits that "of all living creatures, she was the most vivacious, the most ready for argument, the most fertile in words;" yet he tells us of "weary hours" passed in her society, and characterizes her visits as interruptions.

It is a good thing to have the strength of a giant, but not to use it like a giant; and the gift of fluency is a happy gift if not used unmercifully. If your tongue is a free-goer, take care that it does not run away with you. Play it as you would a lively fish, checking its rushes, and never allowing it too much "slack." This is not an age of talk. Nobody has time to listen to wordy people, however well-chosen their words may be. Be as concise as is consistent with clearness, unless, indeed, you are making love—in which case rambling and incoherency are permissible. Even in public life, long speeches are not judicious. In exhausting his subject, a long-winded orator generally exhausts his hearers. Suggestive and pertinent hints are often better than long expectations. People like to think for themselves. It galls their pride to have their inferences and conclusions forestalled, as if they were not capable of reasoning from cause to effect. Mental condensation is the order of the day, and neither the tongue nor the pen should be prolix and digressive. The rule should be think: think in shorthand, and talk and write accordingly.

By friendship you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, and the most open communication, and the noblest sufferings, and the severest truth, and the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds, of which brave men and women are capable.

THE UNKNOWN SEAS.

What do they bring to us through time and tide,
The ships still sailing on the unknown seas;
Where vane by mighty viceless hands are plied,
Whose sailmare filling by no earthly breeze:
What do they bring to us? who, all unknowing,
Sport by the verge, and gather rosy shells,
And watch the great waves in their ebb and flowing,
Uncaring what their solemn music tells.

There may be sorrow in the coming ships,
There may be gain unthought of, conquest great,
There may be cups of bliss for longing lips,
Or, strange unlooked for blow from lurking fate
There may be shame or glory, life or death,
There may be some wild tale of sin or mad deed,
There may be slander's subtle upas breath
To quench the tender rays of household gladness.

Who knows! who knows! we linger on the shore,
We hear the long waves in the distance breaking;
We pluck the rose, and sigh that June is o'er,
We sleep sweet sleeps, and dread the certain waking.
Only one thing is real; to clasp, to hold,
To make our shield in whirling thought like these,
This one great Truth is true to mortals told,
There is a Pilot on the unknown seas.

CHARON, THE RED FOX!

A TALE OF THE PLAINS.

By CAPTAIN CARNES.

Author of "Red Kelly," "Wertzal, The Scout."

CHAPTER VII.—(CONTINUED.)

A wild whoop, ending in an astounded yell, told how effectual had been the surprise given to, instead of received from the redskins, and they dodged again to the cover of the chaparral.

"Now," whispered Buns, "you hold your position, and let me get off with four or five men. We'll worm through the grass, cross the crik, and take 'em in the rear, an' see of we kan't persuade 'em to go home."

Dan accepted the responsibility, and Buns, with five other men, crawled silently away. The faculties of the white men were as keenly alive now, as those of the red men could possibly be.

Dan, as temporary commander, kept his eyes rivetted along the fringe of stunted trees or shrubs. Buns and his men crossed the bed of the creek, and there ensued a double surprise, for, as the six white men began crawling stealthily up the further bank, they came directly upon as many Indians creeping down.

For a brief moment inaction, brought on by profound astonishment, followed. Then a sharp and desperate battle ensued, and had not two of the old trappers stolen off, unknown to Dan, and come opportunely to the rescue of Buns and his men, the victory might have sided either way, as circumstances influenced it.

The firing at a distance from the main camp misled the savages in regard to the number of the men, or, perhaps, suggested that there were two parties camping closely together, and the baffled miscreants stole away, leaving three of their dead on the bank of the gorge.

"An fortunit an escape ez I ever eggsperienced," pronounced Buns, as he criticized the almost nude bodies of the dead savages. "From onmistakable symptoms, these 'ere are a dilaperdated fag end ov perukes az hez fownd the temper of ther perliterced party whom they went out ter fight in a ferment, an' ther cawcus come ter a disgraceful terminus for these perukes, ez they seemantly hev made a burnt or incense off'rin' to the Medicine of nearly all ther good cloas, and, owing ter the disgrace of the defeat, were reddy ter eat up whatever could be eat."

Meanwhile the blood was dropping from several flesh wounds which the old veteran had received, but he would first have the others who had received injuries made comfortable ere his own case was taken in hand.

Later in the day he held a conversation with Dan.

"This won't do, Dan. The party is now too large ter move without observation. We cannot successfully hunt arter the gal unless we can steal about surruptitiously, with malice a fourpence, ter spy upon, investigate, an' keep a kallander ov events ter move by."

"I have been thinking so myself. Take so large a party as this, and there is little chance of moving secretly."

"Yes, Dan, we must start off on our own hook, suttingly. I hate to part with sich good company, but our expedish don't progress in this style. We hev got ter drop ther & Co., frum Dan and Buns."

That evening they effected the separation, as the trading party proposed going on a route different from the one that Buns felt would augur the best success to them in searching for Balfour's sister.

"They air gwine among the wandering perukes, an' they air not likely ter tote a white prisoner among 'em. I hev a sinking ov ther heart, Dan. Ef the gal's ez plucky ez represented by Cap'n Stannerd, and war she karried away by either a greazy peruke or the man of ther tauney bard, she'd stan' no nonocence from nuther, an' mor'n likely she has already arriv ter an ontimely end. It's a dredful pitty ter let this idee hev root, ther's so few ov that kind in ther broad hemispere."

"I can't endure that thought, Buns; it would kill our ardor in the search."

"But probabillyties air probabillyties, nevertheless, Dan; but I don't hug ther idee no more closly than I am forced ter."

At nightfall the two scouts struck across the plains to the west of the broad trail which the whole party had kept for some days.

They pursued their way for several miles on an entirely new course, passing only one fresh trail, and, halting for the night on the banks of a beautiful, clear stream, they discussed the feasibility of lighting a fire. Early in the afternoon Dan had shot a fat turkey, and it must be confessed that the two scouts cast eager glances at the fowl, and imagined how it would taste if well broiled.

"I wouldn't hesertate er minit, if this side ther stream wan't so flat, an' ther other side so pimply. Thar's no end ov Injun prigs could be squattin' among ther fortyfrecations yender; but then that ar gobbler, Dan, makes me a'most willin' ter sell my vote for a brile."

"We can wait here a while, and think about it."

"Suttingly."

"But it seems to me that so clear and beautiful a stream as this must be frequented by game."

"Percisely, an' wher thar's game, thar's yonkers an' Rinning noses. Yer argyment, Dan's, conclusive. We'll rest our buckskins, soak round of jerked buffelo, viebbe worry down a few scraps on ix an' keep ther turkey over fur tormorrow."

The sun had already set. Twilight and dusk followed, and a rim of shadows was thrown down from the hills on the western shore, and lay in scolloped and fantastic shapes upon the tranquil, sliding waters.

Of a sudden Buns chucked his head lower in the grass, and took hold of Dan with his thumb and finger, nipping the flesh with the force of a crab.

From his position he could see further up stream than his younger companion, and what did he behold?

A string of canoes, made after the most unique pattern, as they were simply the skin of a buffalo stretched over a light framework, being little different from a tub in shape, and on the bottom of each of these knelt a squaw, paddling down stream, while a bundle of wood, tied together by thongs of green hide, was attached to each craft. The outline, the motion, the flipping and dipping of the wooden tails of the canoes, nearly convulsed Dan with laughter; and Buns's eyebrows lifted and fell like pot-lids.

"I'll be frionssed by redskins, of that ain't the biggest show ov pollywogs that I over seed," was his whispered commentation to Dan, as soon as the strange fleet had wriggled past their hiding place. "Oh, I swar, I've turned my stummic inthin' inside. Say, Dan, wot do yer think ov ther lofty grander of ther children of natur? Pollywogs, I swar, pollywogs."

Certainly the whole scene had an element of the ludicrous in it, which was not lost on the hidden witnesses.

"This signorfies suthin," said Buns, in a low whisper; "thar's a nomadic city hearabouts; at a ventur, thar's some crotched sticks driv clus by, an' we've gut ter tread keerful an' work circumspec."

"Shall we follow them up to-night?"

"I wouldn't mind layin' low, Dan, fur a leetle bit, ez we're liable to find a job ov work enny time hereabouts, an' I'm the owner ov sev'ral gallin' cuts about the shoulders an' arms."

Dan remembered it.

"We'll spy about a little, by-'n-by, but be keerful not ter get inter biziness afore I'm able bodied agin."

They now made preparations for a few hours' sleep, each in turn to act as watch.

"Don't let the fire send ov yer pipe shine enny way save t'wards heving, Dan," was Buns parting injunction, as he stretched himself on the sod.

CHAPTER VIII.

LYING LOW IN THE GRASS.

Now we propose following a pedestrian who is traversing the stretch of plain that lies between Fort H—— and the thriving town of N——. His hair is gray, his beard straggling and grizzled, and he carries a stout staff in his hand. He appears a common enough traveler at a distance, but as you come nearer there are startling discrepancies. Not that he is completely armed under his coarse, loose jacket, but the strongly defined brows stretch above eyes keen and clear as an eagles; the hand, half covered by the sleeve-cuff, and which grasps the cane, is too fair and sinewy and smooth for age.

A mile or two west of the town of N——, the plain rolls up into irregular ridges and elevations; and down from the distant hills winds a serpentine river branch, very crooked and shallow during dry seasons, but a turbid, broad river when swollen by frequent and heavy rains. Opposite the town, a handsome and substantial bridge spanned the gorge; farther down, another rough structure was thrown across; but, excepting the times of floods, it was fordable in many places.

The traveler, with something of a jubilant step, found himself on the bank of the fork, and withdrawing into a hollow, sheltered by young cottonwoods and the tall grass, he threw himself down upon the earth to rest and reflect upon his course. N—— was only three miles distant; from a neighboring hill a little ways back, he had made out the lights twinkling and glimmering in the houses; but should he attempt to reach there, or camp out just where he was? Really he felt too leg-weary with his long day's march to go forward. His business was not so imperative but that it could lay over until morning. Mechanically, he felt of his breast. The dispatches were safe. Safe, yes; and he wished he were well rid of them. It were better that they should be in Darlingford's hands that night.

"I will go on," he mentally said, "in an hour; but I feel too utterly wearied out to move. My joints ache and my feet burn like raw flesh."

As he lay amid the grass, he thought of the warning note which he had received from the dusky courier. It had run like this:

"Be wary. Your life is in danger on every side. Disguise yourself—your horse is known—the game is changed. The desperadoes which you have been hunting, in turn are hunting you. If I knew anything definite, I could better serve you. COLONEL GARDINER."

And this note was what had made him so weary, and seemingly such a gray old man, for it was Captain Stannard who was lying amid the grass.

Perhaps an hour passed away, and he thought of moving forward, when his quick ear detected footsteps near.

Tramp, tramp; more than one person was coming directly towards his covert.

He was glad that he had not removed his disguise, -for they certainly were going to tread upon him where he lay. Ordinarily, when so nigh a settlement, he would have challenged a straggler when so near being stepped upon; but some strange impulse chained him in silence.

"I'll be blowed, Dick," said one, with an oath, "if I'm going ter tramp another inch till I have 'er swig of peppersass, an' smoke my oakum."

"Curse it!" was the response, in a husky whisper, "sing base, can't ye, Duffy? You could be heard a mile with your cussed staccato key."

"What in the devil's that?" asked the other, in a somewhat modulated mutter. "Give us the mother tongue pure, an' none or yer biled rag lingo."

"Hush, coves," said a commanding voice, just a little raised above a whisper, and belonging to the third man; "don't get into a spat, but let us deliberate on the next movement. Where or how in the deuce have we missed him?"

You may be sure that Stannard was interested now, and the sudden twinge of his nerves offset the previous pain and smarting of his weary limbs; and if this had not been enough, there came a faint echo as something was thrown down into the grass almost against his feet that chilled the blood in his veins.

"I'll tell you better whether we have missed him afore I've done with him," was the strangled rejoinder. Evidently, the words coming up, and the whisky going down, had made a collision near the windpipe. "Bill'n me was az much one as is a crotched stick; we straggled apart a little at the foot, but our heads was one. When they stilled his meat, I swore to gobble up in turn every one of the Vigs as helped to make er pendulum ov him in their jail-yard."

Up to this instant Stannard had supposed the ruffians talking of himself, but now, disabused of that idea, he listened breathlessly to hear who was threatened.

"Whar ken we hev missed him? You're sure he was at the fort at noon?"

"Ain't I? Didn't Bruiser get up to me there at the Smithy's, an' tell me as how he would start for N—— at sich er time, wich would bring him to ther wooded belt at dusk, or by this time. He always comes home this way."

"Well, any time between this an' mornin' 'll do."

"But," objected the one who had evidently taken another drink of "peppersass," "of we don't waylay him, it bothers my head——"

"Yer peppersass bottle, Bill."

"Jes as yer like, Dick, I ain't querelsum; an' it bothers my peppersass bottle ter know how we're ter get him out."

"Why," exclaimed the same suave voice that had spoken occasionally, "as he is expecting dispatches, I will get him out, purporting for him to meet the courier at Cutrick's, and you catch him as he turns the corner of the drive. I will rush to defend him—knock me down and proceed with the show."

Stannard felt himself grasping his pistol, for he now believed the miscreants to be foredooming Sheriff Darlingford, and his danger became greater every moment, for he was so near them that he was afraid to move a limb. Providentially, the one addressed as Dick proposed a move.

"Boss, ef we don't move down into the town and replenish the peppersass, likes not, Bill'll back out. Bill alone ain't with er farthin'."

The two subordinate villains chuckled at this, and the other one, who seemed to be the commander, arose, and Stannard again heard that terribly suggestive sound in the grass. It was the slight flapping together of the loops of a coil of rope.

"Keep it under the flap ov yer blouse," one had said to the other as they moved away.

Stannard made up his mind immediately how to act. He would steal through the unfrequented part of the town and find Darlingford. He knew the near locality of Darlingford's residence; but expecting, without doubt, that it was being watched, he retained his disguise while passing through the town, and taking his way down a narrow street, he made several turns until he came up to the rear of the rather imposing residence of the high sheriff.

His rap upon the door brought forth a stout old negress, of whom he inquired if Mr. Darlingford was at home.

"No, sah, but missus speckin' him soon."

"Can I see your mistress?"

"Las, now, 'pears yer don't know much, ole man. She's bin er room-keeper fur more'n two year."

Stannard was at his wits' end, until Dinah herself opened the way, by asking:

"Mebbe Miss Grace ud do?"

"Miss Grace?"

"The missus' young leddy."

"Yes, I would like to see her."

Dinah led the way into what, doubtless, was the breakfast room, and then shook the sills with her lumbering trend up the stairs.

In a few moments the visitor heard a door open above, and a well modulated voice exclaim:

"Show the gentleman into the south parlor, and I will be down directly."

Stannard was piloted across the hall and ushered into an apartment with tasteful and elegant appointments. Scarcely five minutes had elapsed when the door opened, and a graceful young girl, habited in a fleecy summer dress, entered, saluting him with easy and off-hand politeness, very rare and very attractive.

"Miss Darlingford?" he had questioned on her entrance, and as she bowed in the affirmative, he pronounced his own name.

"I am very sorry that my father is yet absent," she went on, "but I hope it may not inconvenience you to wait."

He hardly knew what reply to make, or rather, how to open the disagreeable subject on his mind.

"Then he is to come home to-night?"

"Oh, yes, sir; important business demands his presence in the town early in the morning."

"Does he always return by the upper bridge?"

"He always *has* done so," she replied, gazing at Stannard keenly with her steady eyes.

"It isn't any use," he finally burst forth in sudden resolution, "to masquerade now, as a face to face understanding is needful;" and with one hand he swept aside his gray wig, with the other plucked off his beard literally by the roots. But he could not have conceived the effect that this act would produce upon Miss Darlingford.

She sprang from her seat, seized a pistol that lay on the table amidst some papers, and placing her back to the wall, covered Stannard's heart with its aim.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAN is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of his acts. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire; it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure, she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection, and, if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless, for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

GOODNESS.—We should not despair of the goodness of the world, if we do not happen to see it immediately around us. The atmosphere is still blue, though so much of it as is enclosed in our apartments is colorless.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

FROM CLAXTON, REMSEN & HAFFELFINGER, Philadelphia, "Fairmount Park and the International Exhibition at Philadelphia." By Charles S. Keyser. Sixth edition. This beautifully illustrated book contains a full description of Fairmount Park, the most extensive among the pleasure grounds of America; and also of the location and the Exhibition Buildings now being erected for the International Exhibition of 1876. Price, in fancy paper cover, 75 cents; and in cloth ornate, $1.00, for either of which sums the book will be sent by mail, prepaid by the publishers, to any part of the United States.

Also, "Annette, or, The Chronicles of Bellevue." By Charlotte Walsinghan. A novel of most decided and marked originality and dramatic power, evincing genius of no ordinary character. The style is remarkable for its simplicity, purity, and gracefulness, and without being in the least degree sensational, it is intensely interesting. "Annette" cannot fail to become a highly popular novel.

FROM W. B. ZIEBER, Chestnut street, Philadelphia, "British Quarterly Review;" also, "London Quarterly Review," both for January, 1875. In these magazines there is a more than ordinary amount of valuable and interesting papers, the aim being to keep their readers well informed on all matters of public interest.

FROM T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS, Philadelphia, "Guy Mannering," by Sir Walter Scott; being the fourth volume of the new edition of the Waverly Novels.

Also, "The Fortune Seeker, or, The Bridal Day." By Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. A novel of unusual power, in the author's most popular style.

A ROMANCE OF BACK HAIR.

At a ball given by the late Louis Napoleon at the Elysee some nights before the *coup d'etat*, Mademoiselle Eugenie met her future emperor and husband. The manner of meeting was somewhat romantic. Louis Napoleon did not much care for the rush of ballrooms, and he had chosen a propitious moment to escape with his friend, Edward Ney, the Duke of La Moskowa, into the Elysee gardens, when he suddenly came upon a radiant, blushing girl, who was tying up her hair alone, opposite a glass in the conservatory. Her hair had come down during a waltz, and the crowd was too great to admit of her reaching the ladies' dressing-room, so that she had glided in here, hoping to be unobserved. Louis Napoleon, seeing her in this strait, gallantly gave her his arm, and led her round by the private apartments to the dressing-room in question, and from this time there was a mutual regard between Napoleon and the fair stranger.

During the following twelve months, Madame de Montijo and her daughter were invited guests at all the presidential residences—Fontainebleau, Compiegne, St. Cloud—and it escaped nobody that the prince paid Mademoiselle Eugenie an inordinate amount of attention. No one supposed, however, that these attentions could end in a marriage; for the president, having performed his *coup d'etat*, was on the point of becoming emperor, and it was no secret that his ambassador at Munich was trying to arrange a match for him with a princess of Bavaria. The King of Bavaria refused to give away his relative to a prince whom he styled an "adventurer;" and then it was that Louis Napoleon, much mortified at heart, resolved not to expose himself to further rebuffs in courting royal princesses. Possibly Madame de Montijo had been waiting her opportunity, for, two days after the news of the Bavarian snub had begun to get bruited, she asked a private audience of the prince, and told him that, as his attentions to her daughter were beginning to excite comment, she had the intention of leaving France.

This was at St. Cloud, where the mother and daughter both were staying. The prince asked Madame de Montijo to tarry one day more, for he might have something to say to her, and he employed these twenty-four hours in acquainting his ministers of his intention to marry Mademoiselle Eugenie. The news fell upon them like a shell. Nothing of this kind had been apprehended by any one, and Count de Morny, M. de Persigny, and Edward Ney earnestly implored the prince not to contract such a *mesalliance*. The communication was made to the Cabinet on the 25th of November. On the 2d of December the prince was proclaimed emperor; on the 2d of January the coming marriage was officially notified to the French people, and on the 30th of January it was solemnized at Notre Dame.

BE KIND TO THE POOR.

Ay, be kind to them! Ye who have never felt the bitter pangs of hunger, who have never passed through dreary winter with chattering teeth and limbs palsied with cold, who have never prayed for the sweet forgetfulness of sleep, to shut out for a brief season the frost whose icy breath struck a chill to your heart, and who have never been a prey to the canker-worm of grief and misery, which all these sufferings entail, we pray you, be kind to the poor!

Be kind to the poor. Earth has more sorrow than the heart can contain, more of suffering than frail nature can bear. The widow, left to toil and struggle alone amidst the desolation of bereavement, appeals in tones more eloquent than words for your sympathies and aid. The helpless orphan, brought into the world and left alone by the relentless hand of death, claims your guardianship and protection. And as you expect a continuance of the mercies and blessing of Heaven, so in this wise be merciful to others; then shall the gates of plenty and honor be open to you, and the pillow of peace kiss your cheek.

A CLEVER writer says: "I would not deprive life of a single grace, or a single enjoyment, but I would counteract whatever is pernicious in whatever is elegant; if among my flowers there is a snake, I would not root up my flowers; I would kill the snake."

WE are too apt to mistake the echoings of our own vanity for the admiration and applause of the world.

GREAT natural gifts bring duties to their possessor rather than privileges.

WHAT'S IN A KISS?

There is a formal kiss of fashion,
And a burning kiss of passion,
A father's kiss,
A mother's kiss,
And a sister's kiss to move.

There's a traitor's kiss for gold,
Like a serpent's clammy fold,
A first kiss,
A stolen kiss,
And a thrilling kiss of love.

A meeting kiss,
A maiden kiss,
A kiss when fond hearts sever,
But the saddest kiss
On earth is this—
A kiss to part forever.

PLIGHTED IN PERIL!

OR,

The Lone Star of Texas.

BY CHARLES MORRIS, ESQ.

[This serial was commenced in No. 17, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXXIV—[CONTINUED.]

Colonel Thompson, the president of the court-martial, thought it inexpedient to admit of testimony which could certainly have no bearing upon the already decided case. It had been claimed, he said, that the proceedings of the court were informal. But this would be an informality too great to admit of.

The younger members of the court, with soldierly gallantry, would not hear of the exclusion of the lady. The colonel himself was rather curious to hear what she would have to say. It was finally decided to admit her, despite the protest of Colonel Brownson.

They looked with much interest on the pale, beautiful face of the lady who appeared before them, in response to their summons.

The statement she had to offer surprised them greatly.

It was to the effect that she had been the bearer of an order from President Lamar for the release of her father. It had, unfortunately, been lost. She asked for a suspension of their verdict until a copy of it could be procured.

Questioning elicited the story of its loss by Captain Wilson, who was present to confirm this relation.

"How did you become acquainted with its contents?" asked Colonel Thompson.

"Through President Lamar himself," she answered.

"Then you did not read the document?"

"No, sir."

Some conversation was held in a low tone between the members of the court. It ended in Colonel Thompson again speaking.

"I am sorry to say, Miss Amberly," he said, "that we cannot admit your statement to have any influence upon the decision of the court. That you possessed a document procured from President Lamar, we do not doubt, but we have no sufficient evidence of the character of that document, and are forced to proceed as if there had been no such paper in existence."

"Permit me to dissent from that conclusion," spoke Captain Allen.

All eyes were turned in surprise on the speaker.

"On what grounds, sir?" asked the presiding officer, severely.

"It is not yet settled that the papers are not in existence and forthcoming."

"It is acknowledged that they are lost. If they still exist, where are they?"

"Here!" said the captain, drawing a sealed packet from his pocket.

The excitement in the room was intense at this declaration. Major Amberly started eagerly from his chair. His daughter gave a slight exclamation, and stood leaning for support upon a table, her face deeply flushed.

Colonel Brownson made a movement as if he would have snatched the papers from the hand that presented them.

"Will the court examine these documents?" asked Captain Allen, in a calm tone.

The members of the court were willing and curious to do so.

On opening the packet, it proved to contain an official order from President Lamar, duly signed, and stamped with the seal of the Republic.

It stated that the executive had been informed of the extraordinary orders of Colonel Brownson, apparently designed to tie the hands of his subordinate officers against interfering with hostile movements of the Indians.

It justified Major Amberly in disregarding these orders in the very delicate position in which he had been placed, and ordered that he should be discharged from arrest, and no court-martial convened.

The force of the document was to grant him a full pardon for the offence charged.

The chagrin of Colonel Brownson on hearing this forcible disapproval of his course was extreme. He retired hastily from the court, a prey to intense emotions.

Those remaining gathered with warm congratulations about Major Amberly, the younger members of the court-martial joining in these evidences of satisfaction with the result.

The news of his release flowed into the street, and an exulting cheer rose from a large body of friends and citizens who had gathered without.

Major Amberly was at that moment the most popular man in Nacogdoches—Colonel Brownson the most contemned.

CHAPTER XXXV.

CONCLUSION.

Miss Amberly was as in a dream through all this scene of congratulation. The recovery of the lost papers seemed to her like the result of magic. She had come to dread the production by Captain Wilson of the packet committed to his care, and his expected demand for the fulfilment of her pledge. Underlying her deep distress at its loss was a vague sense of relief. At least she was saved from that, the thought of which had grown abhorrent to her.

"How could Captain Allen have got it?" was the question that ran like an enigma through her mind. But with it was associated a feeling of pleasure that permeated her whole being, and left its outward impress upon her flushed cheek.

There was no thought now of recalling her impulsive pledge. Her few days of intimate companionship with Captain Allen had knit her soul to his in the bonds of a deep affection. It was not strictly love at first sight, for hours of such peril as they had passed through together are like days, or weeks even, of calmer life.

Yet the mystery of his possession of the packet grew deeper to her as the moments passed. Could he have had it long? Could this have been the cause of his seeming ease in relation to his rival's suit? How had he obtained it?

This question was reiterated in her mind, and was the uppermost thought on her next meeting him alone.

"To think of your having had it!" she said. "Yet I cannot imagine how you obtained it."

"I think I can give you the answer to the riddle," he replied. "You must go back to that night in the woods when I left you, and went, in company with Phil Sawyer, in search of the boat."

"I certainly shall not soon forget that night," she answered.

"During that walk, in the earliest beams of the day, we passed a spot where Captain Wilson must have slept, after his escape from the Indians. On the spot lay the packet which you had entrusted to him, and which, in his haste and carelessness, he had left behind him."

"It was providential that you found it," she exclaimed.

"You may imagine that I lost no time in securing it, and that I proved a more faithful custodian than Captain Wilson."

She turned her head aside, a heightened color in her cheek.

"And you have had it all this time," she murmured. "And I troubled about its loss."

"I wished to give you a pleasant surprise," he replied. "I hoped also to give Colonel Brownson an unpleasant one."

"You certainly accomplished both purposes," she answered, smiling.

"Do not think that I had forgotten the precious prize it offered," he said, taking her hand, and gazing warmly into her eyes. "I have performed the task. May I not claim the prize?"

"It was by accident only," she replied, in a low tone, yet not withdrawing her hand. "Why did you leave the effort to Captain Wilson?"

"Because my thought was not for myself, but for you," he replied. "I knew I was imperiling my future happiness, but nothing could have induced me to leave you alone in the hands of the savages, and seek safety in flight. Captain Wilson never loved you, or he could not have left you."

She made no answer, but there was a warmer and softer light in her eyes than he had yet seen there.

"I would have died rather than have deserted you in such dreadful peril," he said. "I risked the loss of this dear hand to linger near you and protect you. Shall I not now claim it as my own, since fortune has enabled me to fulfil the alloted labor of love?"

Her whole soul spoke in the answer, in which she gave him assurance of her love.

We must let the curtain fall upon a scene into which the eyes of the curious should never be privileged to gaze.

And it is time we should part company with the characters whom we have accompanied through so eventful a period of their lives; first briefly describing the events that naturally followed those we have chronicled.

The suit of Phil Sawyer to Laura progressed as favorably as that of Captain Allen. She had been deeply impressed with the manly qualities of the handsome youth, and yielded to his profession of love with scarcely a show of coquetry.

"Am I willing?" said Joe Sawyer, on the subject being broached to him. "Mought as well be, I s'pose; for I've seen that onwillingness in sich cases invariably makes them wuss. I'll say this though, gal, you've got a good boy, and the making of a straight up-and-down man. I'll say it if I am his dad. And you're welcome to a corner of Joe Sawyer's cabin till you can dig out for yourselves."

Joe Sawyer's cabin eventually grew into a mansion of some pretensions, and his plantation became one of the richest and most extensive in all that section.

Long ere this, however, Phil and Laura had "dug out" for themselves, and were the happy owners of a home and farm that rivaled the paternal plantation.

Jack Gray continued to be more or less of a rover to the end of his life, doing good service, at a later day, against the Comanches. Much of his idle time was spent in the homes of his friends, the Sawyers; and Phil fought by his side in more than one perilous passage of arms with the Indians in after years.

We will not describe in detail the marriage of Captain Allen and his well-won bride. Suffice it to say that it was one of the most happy occasions that ever occurred in that section of country, and was succeeded by a life of unshadowed happiness, in which Major Amberly fully shared.

Captain Wilson did not remain to witness the ceremony, but returned to the then foreign United States shortly after the events narrated. He eventually succumbed to the attractions of a second love.

As for Colonel Brownson, he had committed a serious error, and one which is not easily retrieved—that of not noting the signs of the times.

The purpose of the new government was firmly fixed to the policy of removing the Indians from the confines of the Republic. There was a strong party in opposition to this, however, and the President had seized the opportunity of administering a severe rebuke to the opposing party, and of placing his own policy before the people.

Colonel Brownson resigned his command, in consequence of what he proclaimed as the unjust action of President Lamar. The general feeling of dislike to which his action had given rise, both in the regiment and among the citizens, was a more immediate incentive to his resignation.

The direct successor to the position thus left vacant was Major Amberly. There was some hesitation, however, about giving him the promotion, for it could not be denied that he had disregarded the laws of strict military discipline, and that Colonel Brownson had some reason for the course he had pursued.

But the major had abundance of influential friends, both in and out of the army, and so strong a pressure was brought on the President that he eventually promoted him to the vacant colonelship, leaving the regiment still in charge of the military district of Nacogdoches.

Colonel Amberly justified the wisdom of this promotion by doing very good service with his regiment in the Indian war which occurred in the autumn of the same year.

The Cherokees, stirred up, as is believed, by Mexican agents, repeated their raid on the white settlements in much stronger force than in the spring.

After committing many depredations they were met by a strong force of Texans, and a fierce battle ensued, in which they were again badly defeated.

Colonel Bowles, their astute leader, was killed in this engagement, and the spirit of conflict thoroughly taken out of his followers.

The whole people were now satisfied that there was no trusting these savage settlers, and the government proceeded without delay to send them back to the Indian Territory, from which they had originally migrated.

As for Lone Star, he settled down on the reservation of his tribe, and became, in time, a quiet farmer, with a dusky bride, and a family of young hopefuls about him.

There clung to him, however, throughout life, the memory of the white maiden who so deftly wound the bandages round his wounded arm, and at the same time awakened new feelings and gentler impulses in his savage heart.

THE END.

THE BRIDE'S TRIAL.

It is strange what different estimates people will put on a man's character, according to the eyes with which they may view him. In the opinion of some, Mr. Benjamin Benedict—not our hero, exactly, but the next thing to it, his uncle—was a gentleman, a scholar, and a philanthropist; while others, quite as well qualified to reason and decide, wondered that such a monster was allowed to walk the earth unchallenged. For old Ben Benedict was just the sort of man to provoke and please in alternations—a human March day, with streaks of sunshine and chilling gusts sandwiched through his nature. People who knew him liked him passing well, but it sometimes took a lifetime to know him as he really was.

"You will be sure to like my uncle, darling," said Hugh Benedict to his young wife. "He is eccentric, but he is sterling."

Rachel did not answer, but her blue eyes were wistful and full of perplexity. Uncle Ben, whom she had never seen, but of whom she had heard much, was to her an inscrutable riddle, whom she feared more than she was willing to acknowledge. For Hugh's future depended to a certain extent upon Uncle Ben Benedict, and with Hugh's future her own was bound inseparably.

She was a fair, fresh-looking girl, with velvety cheeks, bronze-bright hair, and features as correct and delicately cut as a cameo. Hugh was quite certain that Uncle Ben could not see her without loving her; but then these young husbands are not apt to be impartial judges!

She was sitting in the firelight, at their lodgings, when the old gentleman first beheld her; and the only warning she had of his presence she saw reflected in Hugh's eyes.

"My dear, how do you do?" said the old gentleman, kissing Rachel on both cheeks.

And she thought he was not so terrible, after all.

He turned to Hugh when he had thus rather unceremoniously made himself acquainted with his new niece-in-law.

"Well, young man, are you ready to leave these rooms and go to your new home?" he asked; for be it known that the old gentleman had given Hugh and Rachel a wedding present of a new house, wherein they were to live.

"Quite, sir," Hugh answered, very cheerily.

"Shall it be to-morrow?"

"Yes."

"All right."

And Mr. Benedict sat down to spend the evening and enjoy himself.

"Well, sir?" said Hugh, when his uncle was taking leave, and paused on the front door steps to light a cigar.

"Well, sir?" said Uncle Benedict, calmly.

"How do you like her?" asked Hugh.

"How can I tell?" demanded the old gentleman, irritably. "She's pretty to look at; so is a china doll, or a white kitten! It isn't always the prettiest calicoes that wash the best. Good evening."

And Hugh Benedict, albeit he was very fond of his uncle, did not know whether to be vexed or not.

Early the next morning, however, Uncle Ben made his appearance before the young couple, breathless and eager.

"Trunks packed, eh?"

"All but the last one, uncle."

And Rachel lifted her pretty head out of the tray, as you may have seen a red clover blossom rise up from beneath a child's footstep.

"I'm going to take you down to Bloomdale myself, my dear," said Uncle Ben. "Hugh, I want you to go off at once with these letters. They're of importance. I'd go myself, if I were ten years younger; but sudden journeys don't agree with old bones like mine."

Hugh looked aghast at the proposal. Rachel turned pale.

"Cannot the business be postponed, sir?" said Hugh, hesitatingly.

"No, it can't!" replied Uncle Ben, curtly. "If you don't want to go, say so. I dare say I can find some one else to oblige me."

"Of course I shall go," said Hugh. "But Rachel?"

"I suppose I'm old enough to take care of a little girl like that," said Uncle Ben, in an aggrieved tone. "You'll find us both in the new residence, with the table laid for dinner, when you come back to-morrow."

So there was nothing for it but for Hugh to kiss his little bride a half-score of times, and commission Uncle Ben to take the best possible care of her until he should return.

"Foolish children!" said Mr. Benedict, as he saw Rachel sobbing on Hugh's shoulder. But there was a cheery twinkle in his own keen gray eyes, nevertheless.

Poor girl! the atmosphere had lost somewhat of its sparkle, and the world looked less bright, as she journeyed towards her new home.

As the autumn twilight began to fall, her thoughts became busy, as a woman's will, at times.

"Uncle," she said, turning suddenly towards the old gentleman, "what sort of a house is it—ours, I mean?"

"Well," said Uncle Ben, reflectively, "it's a cottage, I should say."

"A modern cottage?"

"Well, no; rather of the antique order than otherwise."

"Oh," cried Rachel, "I'm glad I despise those new, stiff, formal places, that look as if they were merely to be admired, not lived in an enjoyed. Uncle, what are you laughing at?"

"At your curiosity, my dear," replied the old gentleman.

"Then I won't ask another question," said Rachel, resolutely.

But she fully atoned for that deprivation by sketching on the tablets of her own fancy an endless variety of little Gothic structures, with bay-windows, and trellises covered with climbing roses and honeysuckles; while Uncle Benedict watched her from behind the screen of his newspaper, with the queerest of expressions on his brown old face.

"I'm almost sorry I commenced the thing," he said to himself. "If I should be disappointed in her! But, pooh! it's the only way to find out if she is worth my boy's love."

Presently the lumbering old carriage came to a stand-still; but, to Rachel's surprise, in front of no fairy cot, or low-eaved edifice surrounded by verandahs and flower parterres. A tumble-down, unpainted farm-house stood a little back from the road, with its shutters hanging loosely by one hinge, and one or two scrubby lilac bushes forlornly tossing their foliage in the wind.

"How dreary it looks!" thought Rachel, with a little shudder. But Uncle Ben at once jumped out.

"Come, my dear," he said to Rachel.

"Is this the place?" she asked.

"This is the place," Uncle Ben answered, with a sudden paroxysm of coughing. "Gate's a little out of order," as that useful mode of ingress became suddenly detached from its sole remaining hinge, and fell with a crash to the ground; "but that's soon set right with a screw-driver and half a dozen or so screws."

Alas, poor Rachel! What were her sensations as she looked blankly around the neglected, dismal spot which was the sole realization of her fairy dreams? This the home Uncle Benedict gave them! And for an instant our poor little heroine felt as if she could repel the unwelcome gift, and tell Uncle Benjamin plainly that she could not spend her days in a hovel like this.

But then came sober second thoughts. Uncle Benedict had meant kindly; they were poor, and could not afford to dispense with even the meanest of roofs over their heads. No; she must gratefully accept the present in the spirit in which it was given, and check in the bud all her rebellious and unamiable repinings.

"I told you it was a cottage, you know," said Uncle Ben, keenly scrutinizing her face, as they stood on the doorstep waiting for the door to be opened.

"Yes, I know," said Rachel, glancing round with brightening eyes. "That is a very choice climbing rose over the window, if it was only properly trained."

"It's rather lonesome," said Uncle Ben.

"I like the country," Rachel answered hopefully.

As she spoke, a slip-shod old woman appeared to let them in, and led the way to the best room, a green curtained apartment, with a shabby carpet on the floor, and a fire in the stove that emitted far more smoke than caloric.

"Smoky, eh?" said Uncle Ben.

"The draught seems to be poor," said Rachel; "but I dare say it can be altered."

"I hadn't any idea the ceilings were so low," grumbled the old gentleman.

"It's partly the effect of the large pattern of the wall paper," said Rachel, with a glance at the red and green monstrosities. "A narrow striped pattern will improve it."

"What queer little cupboards by the sides of the mantel!" said Uncle Ben.

"Oh, they will be nice for our best china," said Rachel.

"My dear," said the old gentleman, "I believe you are determined to be pleased. Do you really think you shall like this place?"

"I shall like any place where Hugh is!" said Rachel, brightly.

She went all over the house with the old gentleman, planning improvements, and suggesting and contriving, until he really began to think she would make an Arcadia out of the tumble-down old farm. And if she shed a few tears on her pillow, when she went to rest, under the eaves of the roof, in an apartment which must have been built for Tom Thumb, Uncle Ben Benedict never knew it.

There was the carriage at the door when Rachel rose from her breakfast of bread and butter and coffee the next morning.

"Come, my lass," said the old gentleman, "I want to show you a place further up the road, which has been taken by a friend of mine."

The drive and the delicious September air were like an invigorating tonic to our wearied little bride, and a picture after the style of Watteau awaited them, in the exquisite villa, with its rose-clad bay windows and picturesquely sloping roof. Rustic iron chairs stood under the bowing branches of the elms on the lawn, and a marble Cupid, holding up a carved conch-shell, scattered bright rain into a flower-bordered basin directly in front of the gates.

"Oh, how beautiful!" cried Rachel. "I never saw such superb scarlet geraniums in my life; and what a lovely marble paved hall!"

"You like the appearance?"

"Oh, yes; 'tis beautiful."

"Come in, my dear, and see how you like the interior," said the old gentleman, serenely.

It was perfect, from the parlor, with its superb Brussels carpet, and exquisite silk hangings, to the bedroom, all in white and pink, like the inside of a rose's heart, and the fairy conservatory, all stocked with camelias, heliotropes, and rare fuschias at the south end of the house.

"It is like fairyland!" cried Rachel, enthusiastically. "Do tell me, Uncle Ben, who is to live here?"

Uncle Ben turned round and faced her.

"You, my dear!"

"And Hugh, of course?"

"To be sure!"

"But, uncle," gasped little Rachel, quite overwhelmed by this unexpected good luck, "the other house——"

"That's only a little joke of mine! This is the real home, and I give it to you with all the more pleasure that you were disposed to make the best of the bad bargain you thought you were in for. My dear, the contented mind you possess is worth a thousand houses!"

And Rachel felt something warm and wet upon her cheek, like a tear, as the old gentleman stooped to kiss her.

When Hugh came home, to find his little wife upon the verandah, all welcoming smiles to greet him, he exclaimed:

"Why, Uncle Ben, this is a perfect casket!"

"But none too good for the little jewel that inhabits it," Uncle Ben answered.

And Hugh read in the tone that his young wife had won the capricious old gentleman's heart.

THE ORIENTALISTS AND OUR NURSERY STORIES.

It is really very hard that the Orientalists will leave us none of what we fondly believed to be our own old stories, but prove to our faces that we have begged, borrowed, or stolen all of them from the East. Cinderella, and Jack and the Beanstalk, and Blue Beard, we have long been called on to give up; and the Welsh have been ignominiously told, even while the grave at Beddgelert still recalls the tragedy, that the story of Llewellyn's dog is only taken from an old Sanscrit fable, in which a serpent plays the part of the wolf. But there remained yet for the city of London Dick Whittington and his Cat, the great Lord Mayor who died, as we were persuaded, in the fulness of years and civic honors in such thoroughly historic times as the year A. D. 1423. And now comes the president of the Aryan section and ruthlessly deprives us of both Dick and the Cat, and tells the present Lord Mayor, at his own Egyptian Hall, that no Sir Richard Whittington ever sat in his chair, and that the origin of the whole story may be found in the works of a certain Persian historian named Wassef, who lived in the beginning of the fourteenth century, several generations before Whittington ought to have existed. The story is simply that a poor old widow of a merchant named Kaisar, of Siraf, was left, in consequence of the wastefulness of her sons, to starve alone with her cat. A sailor, setting off on a voyage, asked her to give him a present, and she gave him the cat, which was all she possessed. The sailor went to India, where he was invited to dine with the king, in whose palace he saw officers employed to kill mice with clubs. The sailor introduced his cat, the king gave him a splendid price for it, the sailor honestly returned the money to the old widow, and the widow gave it to her sons, who therewith purchased an island.

RECEIPTS
GENERAL AND DOMESTIC

KEROSENE OIL is good for removing rust from cutlery.

TO CLEAN GLASS.—Water lime applied with a dry, soft cloth, will give glass a nice, clear cast.

LARD should be kept hard and white; and that which is taken from a hog over a year old is best.

TO SELECT NUTMEGS prick them with a pin; if they are good, the oil will instantly spread around the puncture.

WHEN A KEG OF MOLASSES is bought, draw off a few quarts, else the fermentation produced by moving it will burst the cask.

KEEP a box of powdered starch on the washstand, and after washing rub a pinch over the hands. It will prevent chapping.

TO PURIFY A SINK OR DRAIN.—Dissolve half pound of copperas in two gallons of water. Pour in half this liquid one day, and the remainder next day.

STOVE POLISH AND SOAPSUDS.—If stove polish is mixed with strong soapsuds, the lustre appears immediately, and the dust of the polish does not fly around as it usually does.

TO CURE TOOTHACHE.—One ounce alcohol, two drachms cayenne pepper, one ounce kerosene oil; let it stand twenty-four hours after mixing. It cures the worst case ever known.

TO CURE CHILBLAINS.—Anoint the places affected by them with soft soap, such as every farmer's family usually has on hand. It gives almost immediate relief from pain, and is the best remedy for chilblains we ever tried.

THE best composition to take ink out of delicate fabrics is: One part powdered oxalic acid, and two parts cream of tartar; wet the spot freely, rub in the composition, and wash out; repeat till clean. For strong, colorless fabrics, and furniture, pure oxalic acid is best.

KNIVES AND FORKS may be fastened in their handles by the following: One pound colophony (obtained at druggist's), eight ounces sulphur; melt, and, when cool, powder. Mix one part of the powder with half a part fine sand or brick dust, till the handle cavity, heat the stem of the knife or fork, and then insert.

FROSTED FEET.—Soak the feet in hot water for at least half an hour, occasionally adding hot water to keep up the heat all that can be endured. After wiping the feet, hold them by a hot stove just as hot as can be endured another half hour, occasionally bathing them with some healing liniment. Repeat this for three or four nights.

CEMENT FOR IRONWARE.—Beat the whites of eggs to a froth, then stir into them enough quicklime to make a consistent paste, then add iron file dust to make a thick paste. The quicklime should be reduced to a fine powder before mixing it with the eggs. Fill the cracks in ironware with this cement, and let them remain several weeks before using them.

TWO SMALL ARTERIES branching up from the main arteries on each side of the neck, and passing over the outside of the jawbone, supply the face with blood. If the nose bleeds from the right nostril, for example, pass the finger along the edge of the right jaw till the beating of the artery is felt. Press hard upon it five minutes and the bleeding will cease.

TO PRESERVE BUTTER.—Take two parts of the best common salt, one part good loaf sugar, and one part of saltpetre; beat them well together. To sixteen ounces of butter thoroughly cleansed from the milk, put one ounce of this composition; work it well, and put down when it becomes firm and cold. The butter thus preserved is the better for keeping, and should not be used under a month. This article should be kept from the air, and is best kept in pots of the best glazed earth, that will hold from ten to fourteen pounds each.

NEWS OF INTEREST

GREAT heat is reported from Victoria. At Melbourne the thermometer has reached one hundred and twelve degrees.

NEXT to the Mont Cenis tunnel the Roosac is the longest in the world, being only 320 feet less than five miles in length.

AN English minister says that "if Scripture said one thing and the London *Times* another, five hundred persons out of every five hundred and ten would believe the *Times*."

A CURIOUS mode of fish-hatching is said to be followed in China. Having collected the necessary spawn from the water's edge, the fishermen place a certain quantity in an empty hen's egg, which is sealed up with wax and put under the sitting hen. After some days they break the egg and empty the fry into water well warmed by the sun, and there nurse them until they are sufficiently strong to be turned into a lake or river.

FANCY jewelry is almost wholly discarded in Paris. The smallest dots of earrings, such as pearls or small diamonds, set nail-head fashion, are the most in vogue. In that city a well-bred lady, never, by any chance, appears in diamonds in the daytime, not even solitaire earrings being permissible, except at a gaslight wedding reception, or some such other full-dress affair. For evening wear pearls and precious stones are alone in vogue. Coral, Roman gold and other less costly ornaments are no longer worn.

AN old lady, ninety years of age, very wealthy, and full of wit, died recently at Fontainebleau in France. Her will contained this provision: "I leave to my physician, whose enlightened care and wise prescriptions have made me live so long, all that is contained in the old oaken chest in my boudoir. The key of the chest will be found under the mattress of my bed." The heirs were much disturbed, for they foresaw a material diminution of their share of the property. The fortunate and expectant physician at length arrived. The notary delivered to him the key of the chest. It was opened and found to contain solely all the drugs and potions still intact which the worthy physician had given his patient for twenty years back!

THE bicycle, after going entirely out of fashion as a toy, is now being put to some practical use. Messengers, called "veloce men," thus mounted, convey dispatches in Paris from the Bourse—or stock exchange—to the central telegraph bureau. The distance is about six miles going and coming, and is accomplished in twenty-five minutes, at a charge of fifty cents. A company is being formed to place a very large number of velocipedes upon the streets and to supply messengers to go to any part of the city. The Parisian journals are also using the bicycle to obtain quick reports. During the trial of Marshal Bazaine, the *Moniteur* employed daily a large number of vehicles, running from the palace of Versailles to Paris. The distance, about thirteen miles, was made in forty-five minutes, and quicker than the ordinary trains on the railroad. Carrier pigeons were also used by the papers, the birds easily traversing the distance above mentioned on clear days at the rate of a mile a minute.

SNAIL eating has been in vogue in Italy for many centuries. In Pliny's time Barbary snails stood first in repute, those of Sicily ranking next; and it was the custom to fatten the creatures for the table by dieting them upon meal and new wine. In modern Rome fresh-gathered snails are hawked by women from door to door, for the benefit of good housewives, who boil them in their shells, stew them, or fry them in oil. An Englishman strolling about Palermo came upon some people gathered round a number of baskets filled with what, at first sight, he took to be white pebbles. Upon nearer acquaintance the pebbles proved to be snails, waiting to be thrown into a large iron pot standing over a fire made between four stones, and boiled with herbs and tomatoes, for retailing to the expectant crowd. Dining afterwards with a Sicilian gentleman, he was invited to partake of some snails treated in this way, and, for politeness sake, forced himself to swallow a couple of them, although he found it impossible to feign the delight with which his host and his daughter sucked the molluscs out of their shells.

A CHINESE ELOPEMENT.—Fashionable circles at Shanghai have recently found abundant food for gossip in an exciting incident of which a Chinese general is the hero. This warrior, after having reaped his laurels by defending the Mohammedans in Yunan, happened to be struck with one of the Celestial beauties whom he saw while passing through Shanghai on his way to Peking. Unfortunately, this young lady was the daughter of a distinguished personage and was affianced to a wealthy Chinese. This only inflamed the passion of the aged warrior, who, by a liberal distribution of presents, gained the confidence of several persons belonging to the young lady's household, and, what was still better, of her mother. It only remained for him, in order to insure the success of the elopement, to secure the passive co-operation of the police, and this he was enabled to do by judicious arrangements with a tapao, once a member of the municipal police, who undertook to "make it right" with his former colleagues. So at the appointed time the general was enabled to carry the young lady off from her house, and "the happy couple," embarking in a richly decorated sampan which was lying in the river, got off safely to Soochow. The marriage does not appear, however, to have been a happy one, for the general has written to the *fiance*, offering to return him his wife and to pay a good round sum to be rid of her. The general's influence will be sufficiently strong to protect him from punishment, but the tapao who "made it right" with the police will probably suffer for his share in the offence of separating two affianced persons, which is visited with severe penalties in China and most Eastern countries.

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THE USE OF HISTORY.

No matter what are our powers of mind, if we would advance surely and rapidly, we must seek knowledge in books. We may go further than they can guide us, but we first look to them for direction. In them alone we have a sure vantage ground over the generations that have gone before us. Ignore it or deny it as we will, it is in their light we walk. Nine-tenths of all the movements in trade, art or science are made relying upon the experience of the past. When called upon to take important action, how naturally we turn to the past for guidance—as naturally as one who is to cross the mountain passes of Switzerland seeks the guidance of those who have learned by long experience where safe paths are found, and where the dangers of the cliff and the avalanche are to be avoided. And when we look in vain to the past for guidance, we go forth in doubt, with determined wills, it may be, but with the expectation of meeting obstructions—of weary steps to be retraced, and, perchance, of failure. Blot from the world the books that are to-day our guide to action, and proclaim that for a century to come no man shall leave a record of his thoughts and his discoveries for the study of the race, and civilization would vanish as flowers and leaves fade and die when chilly winds and frosts sweep verdure from the earth at the approach of winter.

Especially is history useful in new movements in education. It is reserved for the next generation to advance surely when they have the records of success and failures which will be sure to be witnessed the next ten years, since so many experimenters are rushing madly in opposite directions, and those most experienced feel that they must tread, as best they can, new and untried paths. But, although we talk of taking new paths, we have come to that period of the world when we can hardly take a single step onward without the aid of the past. Are we to make new use of the sciences in education? The sciences are themselves as much the product of the past as the tree, which we to-day fashion into a new machine, is the product of many years' growth.

We will train the rising generation to cultivate and adorn the earth—gathering up the knowledge that has for ages accumulated; we will teach them to control the forces of nature—to harness the lightning and the steam—to make the falling water, as it hurries on to the ocean, turn the spindle and set the busy loom in motion. We will teach them to open the treasures that have been hid from the foundation of the world in the mines, that are now buried in the earth's mountain chains, waiting for the voice of science, with its "*sesame*," to unlock the doors of the treasure caves. All this we will do, but in all this work how little is our own—how much comes from the past!

But above all this, we will, by the aid of history, widen the range of human thought; we will link ourselves with the great and good of the past, and prepare for those to come the choicest blessings of civilization. We will not only teach them to make a living from this world of ours, but we will try to make that living worth the having.

But the question is asked, in triumphant tone, Who made history? If men and nations are to walk by its light, what guided the steps of men before the muse of history had unrolled her page? Are we not independent enough to strike out new paths for ourselves, as those who have gone before us were compelled to do? Most certainly. The world moves on, as the force of gravitation draws bodies to the earth, with constant increments of velocity. Civilized man gathers in himself all that the past can give of guidance and impulse. And with these elements of progress, as he raises his hand to strike, he listens to catch the verdict of coming generations as they read the record of his acts. The nation that forgets the traditions of the past, and has no regard for the verdict of another age, will soon be with the past.

Hospitality.—Mr. Emerson somewhere says that "the whole aim of our culture is to bring two persons together in the parlor." For entertainment and gracious speech society exists. Our politics, books, lectures, and moral instruments of all sorts, culminate at last here. The house is not for our shelter and comfort merely, but partly for our friends. Science is good, and business is good, but either without its finer results is barren. Art itself is only valuable as it is made tributary to wholesome speech and life. "Our virtues," says Alcott, "need the enamel of intercourse. Exalting us above our private piques, prejudices, egotisms, into the commonwealth of charities, good company makes us catholic, courteous, sane; we retire from it with a new estimate of ourselves and of mankind."

PREMIUMS EXTRAORDINARY!

UNITED STATES

CENTENNIAL MEDALS.

1776 1876

As we briefly announced last week, we have perfected arrangements by which we are enabled to offer these valuable Centennial Medals as premiums to those procuring subscriptions for the Post, on the most liberal terms.

We feel assured that these Medals will be eagerly sought after, as they cannot fail to be interesting souvenirs to every patriotic American citizen, commemorating, as they do, the

ONE HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY OF OUR COUNTRY'S INDEPENDENCE.

They are struck at the United States Mint in Philadelphia, are executed in the very highest style of art, and are of four different kinds, each enclosed in a handsome case. Being struck under a Special Act of Congress, there can be no imitations of these medals, the law making the imitating of them a crime punishable as the counterfeiting United States coins. The design of the "Obverse," represents on all, the Genius of American Independence, rising from a recumbent position, grasping with her right hand the sword which is to enforce her demands, and raising her left, in appealing pride to the galaxy of thirteen stars, indicating the original Colonies. The "Reverse" displays the Genius of Liberty, with sword buckled to her girdle, at rest. With either hand she extends a welcome and a chaplet to the Arts and Sciences assembled, with evidences of their skill and craft, to do honor to the Centennial.

That the Centennial International Exhibition of 1876 is an assured success, there is now not the shadow of a doubt. Nearly all the Great Powers of the Old World have cordially accepted the invitation of the United States Government, and our own country is thoroughly roused and determined that it shall prove a success. In order that every one may be able to possess one of these Centennial Medals, we make the following offer:

1 Gilt Medal (size 1¼ in.) for every 3 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 5 Subscribers at $2.50 each.
1 Large Bronze Medal (size 2¼ in.) for every 4 Subscriptions at $3.00 each, or 9 Subscribers at $2.50 each.
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All of the above Four Medals, very handsomely mounted, in one velvet and morocco case, for every 20 Subscribers at $3.00 each, or 40 Subscribers at $2.50 each.

Sent securely packed to any address, postage prepaid. Remittances should be made in Post Office Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

A Gift to Every Purchaser of Number 34!

A Beautiful Supplement!

With This Week's Number of the Saturday Evening Post, we present each one of our readers with a copy of

A HANDSOME STEEL ENGRAVING,
[Size 13 by 19¼ Inches.]

showing the Buildings now in the course of erection for the

1776 United States International Exhibition. 1876

To be held at Philadelphia—opening May 10th, and closing November 10th, 1876.

On the same plate, we give the

MAIN BUILDING
AND
THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND ART GALLERY BUILDING.

And also FAC SIMILE OF CENTENNIAL MEDAL issued by the Centennial Board of Finance, and which we offer as Premiums to Subscribers.

This officially correct representation will give to all our readers a true idea of the magnitude and grandeur of the Centennial Buildings. The picture is so well executed as to be worthy of being framed and preserved.

Any one unable to procure the Post from News dealers can obtain No. 34, with the above described engraving, post-paid direct from this office, on receipt of ten cents.

We again call the attention of our readers to Captain Charles Howard's American Historical Romance,

THE RENEGADE CHIEF!
OR,
THE TRAIL OF THE SCARLET SEVEN!

the Opening Chapters of which are presented in this number of the Post.

Will be Commenced in Number Thirty-seven!

HARD TIMES!
OR,
THE REAL VICTIMS OF THE PANIC!

BY BURR THORNBURY, ESQ.,

Author of "Jessie Dale," "Ravenswood," "Agnes Ayre," Etc., Etc.

Under the guise of Romance, the author has in this story pictured truths and narrated experiences that none shall dare to pronounce exaggerated or improbable.

HARD TIMES

is a Tale of the Memorable Panic of 1873-74; a tale of real and present life—emphatically "A STORY OF TO-DAY."

GONE BY.

BY AUGUST BELL.

Does Love change, or is it we?
For I recollect a time
When I used to hoard for treasure
Every flower one gave to me,
Every little tender rhyme,
Softly kissed first in my pleasure.

Then we said, "Love lives forever,
Never changes, never falters,
And in Heaven will be the same:"
O, our firm trust in that "never,"
O, our hearts that on Love's altars
Fed its pure consuming flame!

Years have passed, and Love has passed,
Flower and rhyme long since thrown by,
But the brave fair world remaineth
And I find some crowns that last,
Some delights that will not fly,
In Love's stead, sweet Love that paineth.

Love kept all my thoughts in riot,
With strange fears and sudden blisses,
Till at last the end dawned gravely;
Now my life is free and quiet,
Calm and strong, by what it misses—
Love, I do without you bravely!

SATURDAY EVENING SKETCHES.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

The dark came down early to-night. Out of the gray northeast the wind blew fiercer and colder than for many a day, and the snow, beating through my veil, was like steel against my face, set homeward at last from the haunts of poverty, sin and death.

It has been a long, sad day, and the suffering I have seen, and the story I have heard, *will* write themselves out for you to read sometime—you whose faces are unknown, though your lives, with their struggles and defeats, their toils and their delights, seem familiar to me as my own—whose tears by night, and whose laughter by day, follow and call to me wherever I may go.

"OLD ELSIE GREY."

That was the name the policeman gave when I asked who lived in the crazy old attic room, before whose door we stood this morning, and into which we entered, though we heard no answer to our knock.

"A name with a story," I said. "It must be so."

"Well, as to that, most of these creatures have had a different sort of life some time or other," indifferently replied the officer, who, though really kind of heart, was little given to sentiment.

And by that time the door had opened and closed, and we were face to face with "Old Elsie Grey" as she was face to face with death.

I had thought myself used to sights and scenes of misery and degradation, to and fro, in and out, up and down among the wretched poor, with those who could do far, far more than I. I had been, day after day, week after week, almost month after month, almoner of others' bounty, though giving woman's sympathy, gentle words, and care, if care were needed, as any woman may, if blessed with health and leisure. But I was not prepared to look on Elsie Grey lying there in the corner, where the snow was drifting as if in very pity for her nakedness, and where the winds crept in through broken panes, crying softly, as if in sorrow, too.

The room had neither fire nor place for one. It had nothing to comfort, little to protect, but the skeletons of want, disease and death seemed jostling each other in the narrow space, and for a moment I leant, blind and breathless, against the door, wondering if such things could be, and God still up in heaven!

But I was going to tell you the story of Elsie Grey. It was not told to me for hours. When it was finished, the poor old soul had gone struggling through the mystery all souls must solve, and the dark was over the eyes that had wept their tears away, over the white hair and the quiet breast, over all things grim and desolate in the lonely attic-room.

Half a century ago a fair-haired child was the sole idol of parents born to the purple and fine linen of the rich. For her they lived and hoped and planned. Everything that love could suggest, and money procure, was lavished upon her from her birth to the time of their death, which left her, an heiress at eighteen, with no blood relation in the world, but betrothed to Robert Grey, whose wife she became when the year of mourning ended.

Two children were born to them, a son and a daughter.

"And the years went by."

At twenty-seven Elsie Grey was a widow, and poor. All her vast estates had been sacrificed upon the altar of speculation, and her husband, too weak to face the ills of his own creating, had died by his own hand. Friends—so called—of her golden days looked not in upon her leaden, and two rooms in a modest boarding-house took the place of the grand mansion and its appointments worthy of a queen.

For a time the little family lived comfortably on the sale of Elsie's jewels, while Elsie herself, pale and delicate, yet strong for the sake of the babes, searched everywhere for something she could do. Her education, superficial rather than practical, had not fitted her for compensative labor, and wearily and vainly, day after day, the little figure in black went in and out, and nobody knew or cared how its head was dizzy with apprehension, how its poor heart ached, not for itself—that time was long, long past—but for the children who were its light and life and comfort, and but for whom it would gladly have lain down for its long rest "under the daisies."

So the two rooms were given up, and one among the humble poor gave to the unhappy trio the semblance of a home. A little later, Roger, the brown-eyed boy, slept beside his father, and the fair-haired girl, named for her mother, lay on that mother's breast, so near the river whose name is death, that the sound of its waters seemed heavy in the ears of both.

Then how the mother agonized and prayed.

We who have seen our darlings drifting away from us, though we held them close in our arms; we who have rained tears and kisses upon brows of snow and lips that answered not; we who have felt the earth sink under us, and the heavens close over us in a day never to be forgotten, know well what cry went up to heaven from the heart and lips of desolate Elsie Grey.

I pause here. I go to the window, and, brushing my tears away, I look up to the stars glimmering coldly ever and anon through clouds that hold the winding sheet of many an "unfortunate" whose misery and sin and terrible, terrible temptations, will all have ended ere the day dawn, look long and eagerly and strong, with all my soul, to catch some answer to my soul's great cry of—

"How can these things be, and God still up in heaven?"

But all is silent as the grave, save that the voice of Elsie Grey seems sounding in my ear, as I bend again over my paper, and I see her poor face, not old nor haggard nor sinful any more, but young and sweet and full of purity and prayer.

"She was dying of want," I can hear the voice say, softly—"dying slowly, but surely, before my very eyes, and I knew that wine and dainty food and a physician's skillful care would save her—my darling, my darling, my blue-eyed angel for whom I sold my soul!"

"Not that—oh, not that!" I plead.

"And why not that?" she demands, almost fiercely. "Christ gave his body for souls—I my soul for the life of a little child. Let Him be my judge!"

Then, after a long pause, she adds:

"'For the sake of your child,' he said. 'Say but the one word, Elsie—only the one word—or lay your little white hand in mine as a token that you love *her*, and will not let her die.'"

I can see her so plainly, lying there with clenched hands, with shut lips and eyes, and veins swollen purple, as if she were living the long-gone struggle over!

The winds cry and shiver and moan, and the snow drifts white and pure over the shelters of rich and poor alike, and again the stifled whisper, "Can these things be, and God still up in heaven?" creeps out of my heart to the *somewhere* that deigns no answer that human ears or human hearts can catch!

"And you saved her?" I ask, after a long, long time of silence.

"Only for a little while. But she died in luxury, and was buried *like a lady*, as was her right by birth and blood."

A faint smile of triumph lighting the old repulsive face.

"And then?"

"And then? Down—down—down—reckless, hopeless, mad!—till I came to *this!*" Lifting her thin hand toward the degradation of her surroundings. "Don't dare to judge me—you, nor any of your kind." A menacing tone in her voice. "Don't preach! I won't hear it. I've been an outcast, cursed and kicked and trodden on for a score of wretched years. I know all about what hell is. But once I was fair and gentle and good. I'd have been so still, or in my grave, but for saving *her*. God gave her to me; I could not choose but keep her. Wait till you are tempted—you with your soft ways and pious eyes. Wait till your own darlings are dying for lack of good things within your very reach. I guess you'll take them, even from a devil's hand, *as I did.*"

Another long pause, broken only by my sobbing.

"Hush!" she says, speaking low and softly. "Do you s'pose—she—my baby—has ever found it out?"

"No! no!" I answer, quickly.

"And do you think she'd—know me?"

"I think so."

"And own me—for her mother?"

"Yes, Elsie." I am stroking her hair now, and my hand is not steady nor my voice. "Whatever you have been, and are, she is your darling, and she loves you."

"Thank you."

The old glazed eyes rest on my face a moment, and the old weak voice articulated feebly:

"I've said hard things about such as you—wicked things—though I believed them true. I'd like to—to—take them—all—back. Maybe I can—up there—where *she* still lives—and—loves me!"

I have buried my face in my hands. Now that I lift it again, I find that—

"The cold, white brow is all of her," and that the sweet, strange somewhere hath the soul of Elsie Grey.

BLESSED ARE THE PEACEMAKERS.

This benediction, in illuminated letters, should be framed in gold and hung upon the walls of every household. Were it engraved in every heart how soon would this world become heaven, for the quality of this beatitude, like that of mercy, is not strained—

"——it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

Every family needs its peacemaker, one who, forgetting self, seeing clearly the right, can see through others' eyes, harmonize conflicting views, melt discords into music, charm away the mists of ignorance, misapprehension, and selfishness, and bring all where they can see eye to eye, and their hearts vibrate to one touch of sympathy.

Could those at variance in the same household be taken into each other's consciousness, how often would pity and compassion take the place of distrust and dislike. We think a friend cold, indifferent, ill-natured, when perhaps he is burdened with a secret sorrow he may not unfold. Every heart has its load of care and grief, of disappointment and of pain, which will at some time make itself manifest. The peacemaker must often wound in order to heal, must kindly set the wrong of the erring one in a clear and strong light, that he may mend his ways and study the things that make for peace. When this is done in the right spirit, and received in the right spirit, how blessed are the results.

Every social circle needs its peacemaker. Our interests often seem to conflict with those of our neighbors, though they are in reality one, and he who seeing this can bring all to see it and act accordingly is a universal benefactor. The root of gossip, scandal, backbiting, is selfishness in some of its protean forms of envy, jealousy, malice, hatred. When each loves his neighbor as himself, the peacemaker's vocation will be gone, but, until then, there is work for us all to do.

Begin at Home.—Why do you begin to do good so far off? This is a ruling error. Begin at the centre, and work outward. If you do not love your wife, do not pretend to such love for the people of the antipodes. If you let some family grudge, some peccadillo, some undesirable gesture sour your visage towards a sister or daughter, pray cease to teach beneficence on a large scale. Begin not at the next door, but within your own door, then with your next neighbor, whether relative, servant, or superior. Account the man you meet the man you are to bless. Give him such things as you have. "How can I make him or her happier?" This is the question. If a dollar will do it, give the dollar. If advice will do it, give advice. If a look, a smile, or a warm pressure of the hand, or tear, will do it, give the look, smile, hand, or tear. But never forget that the happiness of our world is a mountain of golden sands, and that it is your part to cast some contributory atom every moment.

HOW TO BE CHARITABLE.

BY REV. WM. BADGER, D. D.

Charity, in its colloquial meaning of active benevolence, and as a topic of the times, has forced itself, this year, into a grim popularity. The times, like the winter, are hard. Most people feel poor; many are so; any may become so. The present, therefore, ought to be the right moment for hints on what may be called the Philosophy of Charity.

At all times, indeed, the science of giving demands the attention of every community. Bidding a beggar "move on," does not dispose of him. It merely sends him out of our own way into that of somebody else; and as anybody is as much a part of society as we are, the beggar is as much in the way as ever. For its own sake, society cannot let him remain in the way. It must find out, not only how to help him, but how best to help him. Society cannot give him a trifle and dismiss him, for he will not be dismissed; he comes back for another trifle next day, and this, instead of getting him out of the way, is paying him to keep in it. Society may send him to jail as a vagrant, but that, so far from getting rid of him, is detaining him forcibly for the pleasure of maintaining him comfortably. The idea is worthy of the smart girl, who married her tiresome lover on purpose to escape his odious attentions. Besides, it is hard, after a man has lost everything but his liberty, to take that away too.

How, for example, should this case be dealt with? Some months ago, there came to this city, from the West, a skilled artisan, who had been summoned by a well known firm to a lucrative position. He and his family were scarcely settled in their new home, when it proved that his employers were unable to retain his services. A month's salary was given him instead of warning; and he was left to shift for himself. He had relinquished a good situation in the West. He was afraid to use the little money he had in returning. He failed to find another position here; and when we first heard of him, he and his wife and children had been living, for weeks, upon public charity. Such cases have occurred by scores this winter. Such cases occur, though not in such numbers, every year. And though in the hard times we cannot effectually relieve them, we can study how they should be helped in better times. A respectable artisan, left high and dry on the barren beach of forced idleness, does not want donations; he wants work and wages. There are, it is true, associations to find employment for the poor. But they fail to supply the requirements of society. What we need is an association to *create* employment for the poor.

Not long since, a colony was founded in Prussia, by government orders, under military supervision. The settlers were rather unpromising. They were simply criminals. Taken from their cells, they were "located" in their own cottages, supplies and tools were given them, a little ground was assigned to each, and they were told that they must work or starve. They preferred to work, and they became an industrious, honest and thriving people.

Now a plan that has succeeded even with criminals, would certainly be successful with the already honest and industrious poor; who thus, with a little aid at the beginning, would speedily form self-sustaining communities, not only increasing the national wealth, but, if new colonies were formed in time, averting the danger of panics.

The experiment was once actually tried in Southwark during a hard winter, which, like the present, aggravated a financial famine. A kind hearted resident of the district rented a deserted church, made it habitable, and, then going out among the homeless creatures that haunted his own neighborhood, "compelled them to come in," found work for them to do, and thus maintained a number of persons during a whole season, at a cost to himself, over and above their earnings, of less than fifty dollars. Certainly this wise and good and great man did a better thing, than many a hero of stirring ballad or pompous epitaph; a far better thing in helping his "vassals" to support themselves, than he could possibly have done by supporting them at his own expense through an idle winter. And why should not what is true of one man, be true of any number of men, intelligent enough to know how to be charitable, and wealthy enough to do, upon a grand scale, what the noble Philadelphia tradesman did on a small one?

A favorite day-dream of ours shows us this plan of benevolence in full operation. Good men and women are busy in all our great cities, seeking the needy. Vast industrial establishments, built by charitable associations expressly to provide work for the poor, stand beside our rivers and railroads. Villages spring up on the prairies, and among the mountains, the churches and lecture-rooms are well filled, the schools can hold no more, the almshouses have been turned into hospitals, in the nearly empty jails, the few remaining occupants are undergoing sentence for palming off poison on the public under the name of liquor, or else are drunkards, at once under restraint and medical treatment; and the poor, ay! even the outcasts of the cities, have become the substantial workmen and yeomen and tradesmen of a more enlightened America; creating by their labor a demand for more labor, and themselves entering the market as consumers no less than producers of the results of industry, aided and guided by active benevolence.

The——but a poor man wants "ten cents to help him on towards Pittsburgh." Bleared eye and bloated face and poisoned breath! We know him and his story. Pittsburgh is just round the corner, and does "a rushing trade" in slow poison—not in whisky! Not a drop of it! The "poor man" is broken down by the great cause of American poverty.

But he has waked us from our dream. We are face to face with reality. The city highways are dotted, and the byways crowded with paupers; the worthy poor are striving to make the most of what society doles out to them; the almshouses are crowded, the prisons are packed, even the morgue has its usual array of ghastly statues of despair; in short, we are back at the end of the first century of the Republic, in the hard winter of the hard times! But we have faith in the benevolence of the future; before which pauperism will vanish, and society, to say nothing of its moral gain, be millions of dollars the richer, just because people must at last find out that the true Philosophy of Charity is to help the worthy poor to help themselves.

FAIRIES' COLUMN
FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

THE CASTLE OF WONDERS.

BY IDA FAY.

An Mariette lived in the forest, she understood what the birds said, and often as she sat spinning, she heard them say to each other: "I have been to the Castle of Wonders to-day," till by-and-by she grew so curious that she resolved to go and find this Castle of Wonders.

So one fine morning she set out for the castle.

"Where is the castle of Wonders?" she asked the robin.

"You had better not wish to know," said the robin; "but if you will go, you must wait by the spring in the middle of the wood, and just as the sun goes down you will see its towers among the trees."

So Mariette went to the spring, and sitting down there, she waited till the sun set, when, just before her, she saw a great castle of white marble, with a gate of gold, that seemed to open and shut continually, though no one was near it.

Mariette was a brave girl, and what she saw only made her the more curious to go in. She went through the gates and saw the doors stand wide open, and a beautiful garden all around, but there was no one stirring, and it was all so silent, that she turned around to go back, when, lo! the gates were shut.

"Never mind," thought Mariette; "they will open again by-and-by, and, meantime, I can go and see what is in the castle."

So she went in, and saw a girl spinning at a golden wheel. The wheel turned very fast, and the girl drew out clouds, which floated away.

"What are you doing there?" asked Mariette; but the girl made her no answer.

Mariette went on and saw a man making ropes out of sand.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Mariette; but the man made her no answer.

Mariette went on, and saw a wonderful looking-glass, which filled one side of the room. The room was empty, but figures and pictures floated over it continually.

"What can this be for?" asked Mariette; but there was no one to answer her.

Mariette went on, and saw a kitchen, in which the pots and kettles were cooking the dinner, while every few moments a stick of wood jumped up, and laid itself on the fire.

"Who can this be for?" thought Mariette; "and how I should like to have such pots and kettles at home, where I ought to be this moment, for it is getting dark."

So she ran down to the gates, but they were shut as fast as ever.

She now began to be very uneasy; and while she stood looking around her, half-frightened, she heard a noise like thunder, and saw a tall, black man coming up out of the earth. This man stood on the pavement and looked around him with a haughty air, and said:

"Gates, have you opened to any one?"

"Yes, master, to a stranger," answered the gates.

Then he went to the girl who was spinning.

"Has any one spoken to you to-day?"

"Yes, master, a stranger," answered the girl.

Then he went to the man, and asking the same question, received the same answer.

Then he went to the glass, and the glass showed him Mariette's picture, but though he looked on all sides, he could not see her, for she had that morning, without thinking what she was doing, picked fern leaves, and stuck them in her bosom.

The giant was much dissatisfied, and sat down to his supper (which set itself before him) in a bad humor, after which he fell asleep. Then Mariette, seeing no other way of getting out, crept into his pocket. By-and-by the giant woke up, and began to search for her again, but of course he could not find her, and he fell into such a violent rage that he went about and beat everything in his castle for letting her escape; after which he walked out into the forest to cool himself.

All this time, Mariette, who had found a little pair of scissors in her pocket, was working—working to cut a hole through the giant's coat. She was very faint and hungry, but she worked with all her might, and by-and-by she made a hole so large that she succeeded in crawling through it, and dropping herself to the ground.

The fall from such a height stunned her at first, but she quickly got upon her feet again, and ran home, half dead with fright and hunger, and quite satisfied with what she had seen of the Castle of Wonders.

Value of the Morning Hours.

Tom Jones was a little fellow, and not so quick to learn as some boys, but no one in the class could beat him in his lessons. He rarely missed in geography, and never in spelling, and his arithmetic was always correctly done; as for his reading, no boy improved like him. The scholars were fairly angry sometimes, he outdid them so constantly.

"Why, Tom, when do you learn your lessons? You don't study in school more than the other boys."

"I rise early in the morning, and study two hours before breakfast," answered Tom.

Ah! that is it. "The morning hour has gold in its mouth."

There is a little garden near us, which is the prettiest and most fruitful spot in the neighborhood. The earliest radishes, peas, strawberries, potatoes, grow there. It supplies the family with vegetables, besides some for the market. If anybody wants flowers, that garden furnishes the sweetest roses, pinks, and "all sorts" without number. The soil, we used to think, was poor and rocky, besides being exposed to the north wind; and the owner is at his business all day, yet he never hires any one to dig or weed for him.

"How do you make so much of your little garden?" he was once asked.

"I give my *mornings* to it," he answered; "and I don't know which is most benefited by my work, my garden or I."

The patter of little feet, and the patter of the summer rain, are among the sweetest sounds in the world of nature.

PIPKIN.

A FAIRY STORY FOR BOYS.

Pipkin went to fetch his hat, but he went very slowly, for, to tell the truth, he was by no means delighted to walk with his fairy godmother.

Pipkin was not a very good child, for he had one fault, about which his father, mother, brothers, sisters, everybody, was constantly reproving him. He was so intolerably conceited. His voice was always heard before his elders could get a chance to speak; his opinion was given before it was asked. He was always saying stupid things in trying to be smart, and interrupting peoples' talk. That very day, in spite of his mamma's hints, he was so noisy that his godmother had not been able to enjoy her dinner because of this forward child; and so, when dessert was finished, she ordered Pipkin to get his hat; and though Pipkin shook in his shoes, he did not dare to disobey. So she stepped down the steps, leaning on her crutch, and Pipkin followed her slowly, and they had not gone very far when they met a flock of geese.

At the sight of the two, the geese set up a violent screaming.

"Listen," said the fairy godmother. "Hear what they are saying."

And I suppose she must have given Pipkin some new power for listening. He found that the geese were talking to one another.

"Look at those two poor creatures," said the geese. "Did you ever see such frights? Such long legs and no feathers! He! he! he!"

"But you should not laugh at them," observed an old goose. "They would have been glad to be like us if they could. It is cruel to mock at people and despise them for what they cannot help."

"They are envious," said another goose. "See how eagerly they look at us, but they are afraid, too. They dare not come near us. It is a pity to frighten them so. Let us go away."

"For my part," cackled a young gosling, "I don't see why such creatures are made at all. They are not even good to eat."

"Child," remarked an old gander, reprovingly, "the meanest creatures have some use. Let the sight of these two ugly, stupid, awkward beings teach you to be thankful that you are a goose."

"Pipkin," said the fairy godmother, with a wicked grin, "here are companions for you. You are too great a person to be only a little boy, who, you know, should always be seen and not heard. I think you had better become a goose."

"Oh, no, no!" screamed Pipkin, and set up such a terrific howling that at last his godmother said:

"Well, well, we will walk a little further; but I am convinced you are not in your proper place."

So they walked on, and presently Pipkin saw a great tower made of porcelain; and as they journeyed farther, he began to meet crowds of yellow, long-eyed people, with pigtails, and so he knew that he was in China. These people were looking at some large vessels; and the fairy godmother stepped up and asked them where these ships belonged.

"To some poor, barbarous people," answered the Chinamen, "who live in countries which they call, in their horrible languages, France, England, Russia, and America. These poor savages, having heard of a mighty empire, have sent these vessels here to beg our friendship and protection."

"These are grown up pipkins," remarked the fairy, in a low voice. "Pipkin, you had better stay here."

But Pipkin begged so earnestly not to be left, that he persuaded his godmother to walk on, till they came to a hut half buried in snow, and with no door except the chimney. Sliding down this, they saw crouching about a fire a dozen half-naked savages.

"What do these people want here?" asked one of the savages.

"They come to admire and learn," answered one of the older ones. "It is well known that no one is so brave and polite as a Greenlander."

"Here is the place for you, Pipkin," said the fairy godmother again.

"Oh, no, no!" cried Pipkin. "I am disgusted with so much conceit. I will never be conceited again, for I shall only think of the geese, the Chinese, and the Greenlanders, and that will stop me. Just try me, godmother."

"Very well," said the godmother; "I will give you one more chance. But, mind, if you ever——"

Just here they found themselves at home, and she did not finish the sentence. She had no need. Pipkin was too much afraid of living among those superior beings, the geese, the Greenlanders, and the Chinese.

A BEAUTIFUL ANSWER.

When the Emperor of Germany was lately on a visit in a distant portion of his dominions he was welcomed by the school children of the village. After their speaker had made a speech for them, he thanked them. Then, taking an orange from a plate, he asked:

"To what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the vegetable kingdom, sire," replied a little girl.

The emperor took a gold coin from his pocket, and, holding it up, asked:

"And to what kingdom does this belong?"

"To the mineral kingdom, sire," replied the little girl.

"And to what kingdom do I belong then?" asked the emperor.

The little girl colored deeply, for she did not like to say the "animal kingdom," as she thought she would, lest his majesty should be offended, when a bright thought came, and she said, with radiant eyes:

"To God's kingdom, sire."

The emperor was deeply moved. A tear stood in his eye. He placed his hand on the child's head, and said, most devoutly:

"Grant that I may be accounted worthy of that kingdom!"

Noise not Power.—The boy thinks more of the noise the gun makes than of the bullet it sends on its death-dealing mission. After a time, he learns that it is not the noise nor the lead which is so wonderful, but the chemical elements contained in a few grains of powder. The fuss and fury of the world, which so fill the eye, and drown all finer and more ethereal sounds, are only the reports of forces eye hath not seen nor ear discerned. And the more ethereal, abstract and spiritual the force, the more powerful it is, and the more far-reaching its operations.

A DREAM OF SPRING.

BY F. C. NEWBLE.

Cold and dreary rose the morning,
Tardy was the coming Spring—
Not a flow'ret graced its dawning,
Not a bird was heard to sing.

Threat'ning clouds, as with a mantle,
Veiled from sight the risen sun—
Daylight and the din of labor
Told alone night's reign was done.

With a heart attuned to sadness,
Taking from the day its tone,
Void of all Life's morning gladness,
Sad as when a friend is gone.

Out into the day I sped me,
Careless whither I might roam,
And my wandering footsteps led me
Towards a long-deserted home.

Forth from which there came to meet me
One whose presence shone so bright,
That she seemed as sent to greet me
From the realms that know no night.

Warmly glowed my soul within me,
Quick the darkness sped away—
Something brighter far than sunlight
Had arisen on the day.

Henceforth broke the morn unheeded;
Whether bright or dark it grew,
I had all the light I needed—
Here was all I sought or knew.

Now the sun shines forth in glory,
Fragrant flowers bedeck the way,
Summer's gifts are shed around me,
And all Nature's face is gay.

But 'tis gone—my spirit's lightness;
For again we were to part;
And no sun, whate'er its brightness,
Can revive a drooping heart.

GATHERING TO DOOM!

A Romance of Philadelphia.

By EMERSON BENNETT.

[This serial was commenced in No. 26, Vol. 44. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XII.

STRANGE QUARTERS.

The yard which little Ellen had entered was small, but the dwelling to which it belonged was of brick, some three stories in height, and, compared with the buildings around and adjoining it, had quite a respectable and comfortable appearance. A flight of stairs, a few feet distant from where she stood, descended to a basement-kitchen; and, hearing some one moving about in this apartment, she thought it best to go down, apologize for her abrupt entrance, and implore protection. Accordingly she descended to the kitchen, where she found an Irish woman in a dirty, slovenly dress, with unwashed face and uncombed, disheveled hair, busily engaged in making a fire in a cooking-stove. As Ellen entered, the woman looked around, stared hard at her for a moment, and, in a sharp, harsh tone, exclaimed:

"Well, who is you? and what is't ye're wanting here, jist?"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am, for intruding here, but I saw a man out here I was afraid of, and I ran in here to get out of sight."

"Och! hoity-toity!" returned the woman, getting up from the stove, approaching little Ellen, setting her arms akimbo, and taking a searching survey of her person. "And if it's a policeman ye're running awny from now, ye've made a mistak in the house, for it's not Bridget M'Callan as will consale the likes of ye."

"No, ma'am," returned Ellen, in a timid tone; "it was not a policeman, but a man that—that——"

She stopped, and grew confused, for she knew not what to say.

"Truth, now," rejoined Mrs. M'Callan, sharply, "ye nadn't trouble yoursilf to invint a story to desave mesilf, as is an honest widder, and mother of three childer, for I knows the likes of ye, as well as I knows the grave where my poor Terrence (heaven rist his sowl!) lies buried. It's not likely, by the look of ye, ye'd rin from ony man but a policeman."

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am, what I tell you is true," said Ellen, her eyes filling with tears. "Oh!" she continued, in a pleading tone, "if you are a mother, as you say, let me, a poor orphan, appeal to you for protection!"

"Appale to me, is it? Och! but ye're a cute one now, jist. Appale to me? Truth! and ye're a cunning divil for your age; and it's like ye're making up your mind now what ye can stale the whiles. It's mesilf as hasn't lived twenty year in this part of the city widout knowing the likes of ye."

"What can I do to convince you of my honesty and innocence?" cried poor little Ellen.

"Till me where ye got the nice clothes ye has on—how ye got 'em so muddy—and how ye come to be here at this time in the morning?"

"And will you believe my story, ma'am?" asked little Ellen, nervously.

"Is it believe, it I will? Truth! it's mesilf as 'ill hear it first, jist, and think about it. And mind ye till me the truth now, or I'll give ye to the police when ye're done, so I will."

"It is a long story, ma'am," returned Ellen, "but I will try and make it as short as possible."

"Well, sit down there, and I'll be making the fire the whiles, and cooking the breakfast for the boorders, I will."

Ellen sat down as directed, and told her story in a straightforward manner, avoiding detail as much as she could. She touched upon all the principal events known to the reader; and what with interruptions, and questions put by Mrs. M'Callan, the best part of an hour was consumed in the narration. The story, on the whole, seemed to make a favorable impression upon the widow; and breakfast being ready by the time it was concluded, she bade Ellen take off her bonnet, and sit quietly in a corner, till the boarders should have taken their meal and departed.

At a call from Mrs. M'Callan the "boorders" now came lumbering down, to the number of ten stalwart, hard-featured Hibernians; and with unwashed hands and faces, and hair uncombed, but drawn down low on their faces, they gathered around the table, with little regard to order, and commenced a vorticious onslaught on the smoking food before them, jabbering among themselves the while in a language that was certainly Greek to little Ellen.

Mrs. M'Callan presided over the teapot, and took part in the conversation, but did not herself touch any of the tempting viands.

Several curious glances were cast upon Ellen, but no one addressed her; and in something like twenty minutes the boarders had all departed to their daily occupations.

"Now, honey," said the widow to Ellen, in a kindly tone, "ye'll tak' a wee bit of breakfast wid mesilf, and we'll talk the gither, the whiles, jist."

Ellen, who stood greatly in need of food, did not require much urging to comply with so reasonable a request, and though she knew the victuals before her were not any too clean, yet hunger made them very palatable, and she ate with a relish, and ate heartily.

"It's a quare story ye's been tilling me," said Mrs. M'Callan, when her own appetite had become somewhat appeased; "and sure it's mesilf as doesn't know whether to belave it or not. Ye look as if ye spake the truth, I'll say that for ye—but, troth! and this same is a desaving world."

"Oh, ma'am, I do assure you I have spoken nothing but the truth!" returned Ellen, eagerly.

"And sure, and why don't ye go to a constable, or a alderman, and complain of this robber villain, now?"

"I don't know where to go, ma'am; and I'm afraid to go anywhere, for fear he'll find me, and do something terrible to me. Oh! ma'am, I want to get back to my friends, and take their advice."

"And where d'ye say this Misther Clendennan lives?" inquired the widow.

Ellen had not mentioned the fact of Clendennan being a knight, for the reason that she knew he was only known in the city as Mr. Clendennan, and that he did not wish to be known as the possessor of a title; and though we have spoken of him as the knight, baronet, and Sir Walter, we have done so merely for convenience, and because we had exposed to the reader the secret of his real position.

At the question of Mrs. M'Callan, Ellen blushed to the temples, and became greatly embarrassed and confused.

"I—I—did not—not say where he lived," she stammered.

"Well, ye can, I'm thinking, if ye're not an impostor, jist," replied the other, looking suspiciously at her little guest.

"It may seem very strange to you, ma'am," returned Ellen, in a nervous, but earnest tone; "but oh! I do assure you, ma'am, it is as true as I sit here—that—that while at Mr. Clendennan's, I never thought to ask the name of the streets (it was a corner building) on which the house stood—and I never heard anybody mention them, as I recollect of."

"Hoity-toity, now! Sure, thin, and how did ye find your way back agin, when ye wint out?"

"I only went out a few times, and Rosalind was always with me."

"And how, in St. Pathrick's name, thin, do ye expect to find your way back now, will ye till me, jist?"

"Alas!" cried Ellen, "I do not know, unless I can find somebody that knows Mr. Clendennan."

"Well, well," said the widow, sipping her tea; "may the fiend fly away wid ye, if ye's been tilling me lies this while! and sure, it's not Bridget M'Callan as knows whether ye're lying or not, now."

Ellen repeatedly assured her that she had spoke nothing but truth, and at last the other appeared to be satisfied to take her word.

"And now, thin," she said, "it's mesilf as don't know how to advise the likes of ye. I don't think it's best to let that bloody robber git hold of ye again, at all, at all; and what'll ye do to git back to your frinds?"

"Indeed, ma'am, I do not know!" replied little Ellen, beginning to cry and sob.

"There! there! hush, honey, mavourninn!" rejoined the widow, who really had a kind heart. "I'll see what I can do for ye. There's my boy, John—bliss his sowl!—who's asliape up-stairs; he's out the nights, enjoying himself, the darling, and don't git up till afthernoon; I'll git him to tak' ye; he can find onywhere he likes; and he'll be delighted, the young rascal!" and the widow ended with a hearty laugh at her own pleasantry, in calling her darling son John a rascal—though she might in truth have substituted villain, without applying a misnomer, as we will show anon.

It was finally settled that little Ellen should remain with Mrs. M'Callan, till such time as her hopeful son should see proper to rise, and, after being made acquainted with the facts in the case, should be ready to set off with her in search of her friends. Ellen, it must be confessed, was not altogether pleased with this arrangement—for she felt extremely anxious to get out of a locality where she could not consider herself safe from one moment to another—but unable to devise anything better under the circumstances, she thanked Mrs. M'Callan for her kindness, and resolved to await the time of her departure with what cheerful patience she could summon.

Dinner-time came, and the "boorders" came and went—but still Master John did not make his appearance. A couple of hours passed away—most tedious hours to little Ellen, who began to grow very nervous—and still the darling son of Widow M'Callan slept on, as though determined to rise no more. At last, between the hours of three and four in the afternoon, there was heard the sound of heavy feet on the naked stairs; and with the delight of a fond mother, as she flew about to prepare his first meal for the day, the widow announced to Ellen that the last scion of the M'Callans was about to become visible to both anxious expectants.

And almost immediately her words were verified, by the presence of John M'Callan himself; who entered the kitchen with dirty face and hands, hair matted and tangled, with coat and vest slung over one shoulder, and the bottom of his trousers tucked inside the legs of heavy, cowhide boots. He was about sixteen years of age, tall and gaunt, with an appearance not at all prepossessing. His face was thin and freckled, and showed the traces of the lowest kind of dissipation. He had a large, sensual mouth, a slightly turned-up nose, and small, black, sinister-looking eyes, around which the red flesh seemed swollen and feverish, with dark lines in the hollows beneath. A sort of sullen, savage, hang-dog expression pervaded the whole countenance; and little Ellen, as she gazed upon him, shuddered at the thought that she was about to trust herself to his guidance.

He stared hard at Ellen for some time; and then savagely throwing his coat and vest across a chair, he thrust his hands into his pockets, and, turning to his mother, exclaimed, in a harsh voice, which had no touch of the Irish brogue:

"Well, old woman, I'll thank you to stir your stumps, and let me have some breakfast—for I'm as hungry as be——"

"Sure, and isn't it mesilf as is doing that same, my darling?" replied the widow, bustling about in a great hurry.

My darling, without deigning a reply to this tender remark, threw himself heavily upon a chair, and began to whistle—looking out, the while, from under his frowning brows, at little Ellen, who began to feel very awkward and uneasy.

"I say, little gal," he said at length, addressing Ellen, "who are you, anyhow?"

"Johnny, my dear," said his mother, stopping in front of him, "it's her I wants to spake to you about, jist, to ask a favor of ye."

"Well, old woman, just you get that ther' breakfast first, and then you can open your mouth as much as you like," was the polite response of Johnny-my-dear, who now got up, and put on his vest, and went out into the yard, to take a wash at the hydraut.

"Och! sure, and he's a M'Callan all over, so he is!" said the fond mother, with a look of pride, as she gazed after her hopeful son; "jist for all the world like his dear father, my own dead and gone Terrence, pace to his sowl! Ah! troth, now, Miss Ellen, and isn't it yoursilf as thinks him a broth of a boy?"

"I never saw any one like him," replied little Ellen, who really knew not what to say.

"And ye may well say that same, honey!" rejoined the widow, taking it as a fine compliment. "Och! but it's a high time the leddy will have as catches my John for a husband!"

There was no doubt about this being the case, from present appearances, and Ellen did not think proper to express a different opinion.

During the next hour, Master John learned all about Ellen his mother cared to tell him, finished his breakfast, and smashed a couple of dishes to show his sweet temper. At first he objected to acting as a guide to Ellen, saying he had a pressing engagement for the evening; but afterward consented to do so, provided she would wait till dark before setting out. Poor little Ellen saw there was no alternative, and yielded a reluctant assent—trembling, at the same time, at the thought that she would be at the mercy of one, who, if looks and actions could be taken as indexes, was at heart a villain.

Having named the hour at which he would return for Ellen, Master John put on his coat and hat; and cursing his mother for an old fool, because she happened to ask if he would be sure and not forget to be back at the time he had set, he went out, slamming the doors behind him.

It was a dreary and even painful time to little Ellen, the time which elapsed between the going forth and return of John M'Callan. Hour after hour went by, the men returned from their labors and ate their supper, night set in, and still the hopeful John remained away, and little Ellen cried for loneliness and heart desolation. At last, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, he made his appearance, and growled out some excuse for not being back sooner. He said he had made some inquiries concerning the Clendennans, and thought he could find their residence without much difficulty. This would have been cheering news to little Ellen, had it come from one in whom she could have placed confidence; but there was a something in the expression of John's eye, as he fixed it upon her, that made her pure and gentle spirit shrink away as from a contamination. She felt, without exactly knowing why, that he was a secret enemy, as much to be dreaded as Mulwrack himself. She saw, too, that he had been drinking, and this had no tendency to inspire confidence. She fairly shuddered at the thought of setting out with him in the night alone, and in such a locality, but there was no alternative; she could make no excuse that would avail her, and so she donned her bonnet (her shawl she had left at Mulwrack's), and prepared to set forth.

John, however, seemed in no hurry to start. He had first to have his dinner, as he facetiously termed it, which he ate very slowly; and then he went up-stairs, and remained for half an hour; and what with one delay and another, he managed to keep little Ellen waiting till half-past ten o'clock.

"And sure," said his mother, when at last he announced himself as ready; "sure, now, Johnny, my darling, ye had best wait and tak' another day for't. The good folk'll be all abed, jist, and won't know ye from a tief of the night now."

"Old woman," replied John, "you're a fool! and may jest as well keep that mouth of yourn shut! I know my business, and I want you to mind yourn!"

"Howly Virgin! but he's like his father, so he is!" said Mrs. M'Callan, turning to Ellen. "Poor Terrence! he was a broth of a boy, that same—pace to his ashes! Well, good-bye, child, and ye'll sometimes think of Bridget M'Callan, it's like, when ye git amongst the big-bugs."

"Indeed, indeed, I shall never forget your kindness, ma'am!" returned little Ellen, fairly sobbing aloud.

"There, go, and God bless you!" rejoined the kind-hearted widow, bestowing upon the little orphan a hearty kiss. "Tak' care of the wee thing, and allow no harm to come anigh her, Johnny, dear," were her last instructions to her dissipated son.

"Come along!" said John, gruffly, as he sallied forth; and little Ellen meekly and timidly followed him into the darkness of the night.

The street on which stood the residence of Widow M'Callan was, compared with some in the immediate vicinity, quite respectable, though it would have appeared dreary enough to persons accustomed to living in more fashionable quarters. A gas-light, here and there, at rather long intervals, threw out a dim, uncertain light, but sufficient to enable one to pick his way, with a little care, without stumbling over the rough, uneven pavement. A few shops fronted on this street, mostly kept by negroes and people of the poorer class; but these were now, owing to the lateness of the hour, nearly all closed for the day, and only here and there a ray of light, save from the before-mentioned jets of gas, shone upon this gloomy thoroughfare.

For the distance of something like a square little Ellen and her sullen guide walked along, side by side, in silence, and then, as he turned into a narrower and darker street, the latter said, in a more kindly tone than was usual:

"Here, Sis—give me your hand—you might fall."

He took her hand, and walked on a short distance, when Ellen, who was trembling with a secret apprehension, though she strove to be calm, ventured to inquire, in a timid tone:

"Are you sure we are going right, sir?"

"Of course I am," he answered, rather gruffly. "Umph! I know the ways round here like a book."

"But do you think Mr. Clendennan lives in this direction?" she asked again.

"Now what's the use of yer talking that ther' way to me?" he replied, half angrily. "You don't take me for a —— fool, I hope. You know, as well as I do, that that ther' yarn about the Clendennans, and sich like, is all stuff—gammon—sheer—nonsense—jest made up to come it over the old woman!"

"Indeed, sir, it is not!" said Ellen, quickly, stopping at once, and endeavoring to get a glimpse of the other's face, which the darkness of the street, where they were, prevented. "All I said to your mother was true," she continued; "and if you don't think so, and are not doing as if it were true, then leave me, and I will try to find my way somewhere by myself."

"And where'd you go this time of night, I should like to know?" said John.

"I don't know, sir, where," sobbed little Ellen, "but I would try and find a better street than this."

"Oh, well, come along," he rejoined, in a tone less harsh, "and don't spile that ther' pretty little face of yourn by crying. Come! I was only jest in fun—so come along!"

"But where are you taking me to, sir?"

"Only jest round here, to a friend of mine, who knows all about the folks you want to find."

"But it is so dark here, on this street, sir, that I feel afraid."

"Poh! come along! I'll take care of ye—nothing shall hurt you. Only round the corner here, and we'll come to where it's light."

"But you're really in earnest about taking me to Mr. Clendennan's?" hesitated Ellen.

"Of course I am—didn't I tell you so? So come along!" replied John.

Thus assured by her guide, but still shuddering with secret apprehension, little Ellen ventured timidly forward. From the miserable street they were in, John soon turned into a dark, dismal, narrow, filthy alley; all the while encouraging his timid charge to continue on, by assuring her that the way they were taking was their nearest course to a broad, clean, well-lighted thoroughfare.

At length he stopped before a gloomy looking, wooden structure, which seemed to frown darkly upon the poor orphan. All the shutters were closed, and not a ray of light streamed forth, and it might have been thought that the people were abed, or that the building was untenanted, had not the ear caught the faint sound of a boisterous merriment, apparently taking place in a rear apartment of one of the upper stories.

John, without saying a word, rapped quickly and heavily on the door, giving four distinct raps. Instantly the sounds of merriment were hushed, and all became still as the grave.

"Oh, sir, you are not going in there?" exclaimed Ellen, greatly terrified.

"Hush!" said John. "I only want to speak for a friend."

Presently the door opened slightly, as if held by a chain, and John passed a few words, in a low tone, with some one within. Then turning to Ellen, he said:

"Come, let us go."

At the same instant he clapped his hand over her mouth—the door flew open—and lifting her from her feet, he bore her across the threshold, into a place of utter darkness, and with a sinking heart, she heard the door close behind her, shutting her from the world without. Poor child!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

JUST IN TIME.

The following interesting story is told of Sir Evan Nepean, formerly Under Secretary of State of Great Britain: One summer night he was affected with an unaccountable sleeplessness, and being quite weary of lying awake, he got up, dressed, and went out at three in the morning, strolling aimlessly, more from daily habit than anything else, down to the Home Office. Entering his private room, his eye caught the following entry in a memorandum book: "*A reprieve to be sent to coiners ordered for execution at York.*" Although he knew that he had done his own part of the business, he was seized with a nervous uneasiness, fancying that perhaps the other people had not done theirs. The feeling was so strong upon him that he called upon the chief clerk in Downing street, who said that he had sent it to the Clerk of the Crown, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"But have you his receipt and certificate that it is gone?"

"No."

"Then let us go at once to his house in Chancery Lane."

They did so, and found him in the act of stepping into his gig for a country holiday. *He had forgotten the reprieve, and left it locked up in his desk.* The fleetest express procurable was dispatched, and reached York just as the criminals were mounting the cart.

It too often happens that familiarity with such trusts begets a corresponding indifference to them. The signalmen employed on our railways declare that the hardest thing for them to bear in mind the fact that hundreds of lives depend upon their constant vigilance, and at the most critical moments sleep, or even recreation, sometimes prove almost irresistible temptations to the neglect of duty.

A Sweet Temper.—No trait of character is more valuable than the possession of a sweet temper. Home can never be made happy without it. It is like the flowers that spring up in our pathway, reviving and cheering us. Let a man go home at night wearied and worn by the toils of the day, and how soothing is a word dictated by a good disposition! It is sunshine falling on his heart. He is happy, and the cares of life are forgotten. A sweet temper has soothing influence over the minds of a whole family. Where it is found in the wife and mother, you observe kindness and love predominating over the natural feeling of a bad heart. Smiles, kind words, and looks characterize the children, and peace and love have their dwelling there. Study, then, to acquire and retain a sweet temper. It is more valuable than gold; it captivates more than beauty; and to the close of life it retains all its freshness and power.

The perfection of wisdom and the end of true philosophy is to proportion our wants to our possessions, our ambitions to our capacities.

ALONE.

BY T. FERGUSON.

I wander through the crowded ways,
A stranger in the busy town,
And watch the throngs that grow apace,
The people surging up and down—
I only, it would seem, alone—
Unnoticed and unknown!

I mark the greetings, grave or gay—
The friendly hands that meet and clasp,
But home and friends are far away;
There are no hands for mine to grasp—
No eyes that care to turn their gaze
On this wan weary face.

Ah, happy souls, that laugh and meet,
One lonely heart you cannot see;
A desert is your crowded street,
A place of gloom and tears to me.
But pass—I would not mar your mirth
For what regrets are worth!

For True Love's Sake!

OR,

The Discarded Wife.

BY RETT WINWOOD,

Author of "The Ebony Casket," Etc., Etc.

[This serial was commenced in No. 23, Vol. 54. Back numbers can be obtained from all newsdealers throughout the United States, or direct from this office.]

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

Nora did sleep. But it was a broken, fitful slumber, haunted by frightful dreams.

She awoke somewhat refreshed, however. Her brain was clearer, and she was more composed than she had been. Her situation looked a trifle less forlorn.

Mrs. Churchill was sitting at a little distance, with a large bundle beside her.

"I have been working and thinking for you both, my dear," she said, with a reassuring smile. "Now you are awake, you can tell me your opinion of what I have done."

She untied the bundle as she spoke, and displayed a plain-looking, black bombazine dress, a black shawl and bonnet, a crape veil, and a black lace cap, attached to a front of iron-gray hair.

"What are you going to do with all those funny things?" asked Nora, utterly bewildered.

"They are for you."

"For *me*?"

"Yes, dear. You are determined to go to Rosewood, and it would never answer for you to go in your present trim. But you will be quite safe, I think, if you assume this disguise, and keep your coolness and courage."

Nora uttered a joyful cry.

"I shall see my husband again! Oh, how good, how kind you are!"

But Mrs. Churchill shook her head doubtingly.

"I don't know whether you will see Major Vaughn or not. But you can *hear* from him, and that will be some satisfaction. He may be much better than you imagine. Indeed, I believe he is. The papers are sure to put such things too strongly."

Nora rose to a sitting posture.

"Help me to put on the disguise at once. I am impatient to set out."

"No," was the firm reply, "you cannot go until morning—and then I shall accompany you. I could never forgive myself if I let you start out upon such a mission alone."

In vain Nora coaxed and pleaded. Her kind friend was not to be moved.

"My husband may be dead, if I wait until to-morrow," wailed the poor creature.

"If he is so far gone as that, your presence could do him no good," Mrs. Churchill answered, and turned resolutely away.

She administered a soothing draught, and the next morning found Nora looking quite like herself again, only unutterably sad.

Mrs. Churchill superintended her toilet. When it was completed, and the black bonnet and shawl put on, Nora scarcely recognized herself in the glass. The iron-gray hair was drawn low over her forehead in smooth bands, and a pair of spectacles hid her eyes. She looked like a grave, respectable woman of fifty.

Mrs. Churchill was in raptures at the perfectness of the disguise. Nora was a natural actress, and at once toned down her manner to correspond with the character she had assumed.

"Your own mother would not recognize you," exclaimed her kind-hearted hostess. "I think you may venture, with impunity, to return to Rosewood."

A carriage was waiting before the gate. Mrs. Churchill hastily slipped on her own shawl and bonnet, took a thick veil in her hand, and she and Nora left the house together.

To the poor creature's impatient spirit it seemed hours before they reached the railway terminus, and an age to have passed ere they got out at the little station nearest Rosewood.

Here there was no carriage to take them, and they continued their journey on foot.

"We must be guided by circumstances in what we do," said Mrs. Churchill, as they walked along the shaded country road. "For my part, I don't believe you had better see Major Vaughn until he has asked for you. It might save you some humiliation to be sure of your ground as far as you advance. Can you think of no one among the servants whom you would be willing to trust?"

"I think Susette could be trusted. She was my maid, and seemed quite fond of me."

"Then we must contrive to see Susette before showing ourselves to anybody else."

Nora's spirit chafed a good deal under all this restraint. She would have rushed instantly into her husband's presence, clung to him with tears and entreaties, and so have defied the whole world to tear her from him.

As they drew nearer Rosewood, Mrs. Churchill pulled her veil over her face, and walked more slowly, cautioning her companion to do the same.

In this manner they had passed and repassed the house several times, when Nora at last caught a glimpse of a woman's petticoats through the hedgerow that bordered the grounds. She parted the green leaves, and peered eagerly through at her.

"It's Susette herself!" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "She is gathering flowers for the parlor vases. There she is! in the rose-walk—and nobody else in sight."

Raising her voice, she cried out:

"Susette! Susette! Come this way, Susette!"

"It was my mistress' voice that called me!" she exclaimed, running up quite out of breath. "I should know it among a thousand."

Nora threw back her veil when Susette reached her side.

"Yes," she said, "it was your poor mistress' voice. Now, my good girl, be calm, be quiet. I know you would not have the heart to betray me."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer, as Susette stared wonderingly at the strange garb Nora was in. "My dear lady, I am so glad you have come back again. I did not expect ever to see you again."

"Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, my lady." And she impulsively caught Nora's hand, pressing it over and over again to her lips. "I wanted to see you very much. And this is your very self, in spite of that gray hair, and those queer garments! I almost doubted it, at first, but I could not be mistaken in that voice."

The tears came into poor Nora's eyes at this manifestation of the girl's fidelity and affection.

"God bless you, Susette!" she sobbed. "I am sure you are very fond of me."

"That I am, my lady. And it was a grievous day for me when you left Rosewood. I have not been myself since. It seems ages and ages ago."

And how did it seem to the discarded mistress of Rosewood herself? She felt as if she had lived a whole lifetime of pain and sorrow in the brief interval.

Turning to Susette again, she asked:

"What are they saying of me at Rosewood?"

The maid stammered, and grew very red in the face.

"Speak out, my good girl. I really wish it."

"They say you have eloped with Mr. Dane."

Nora flushed crimson, in spite of herself.

"But you did not believe it?" she said. "You did not think me capable of deserting the best and noblest husband woman ever had, for such a villain as Roland Dane?"

Susette shook her head.

"I did not know what to think, my lady, I must frankly confess. But I knew you could have done nothing very wrong. And I'm glad to see you back again."

"Thank you. My husband, Susette, is he ill?"

"Very ill, my lady."

Susette was of French extraction, and had served in some noble families abroad. She could not quite get over the habit of saying "my lady."

Nora eagerly grasped the arm of her maid.

"Oh, Susette," she gasped out, "he is not dying? You don't mean that?"

"No, my lady. Master is very low, but we all hope he may recover."

"Recover? Oh, God be praised! You hear that, Mrs. Churchill, he may recover!"

"Didn't I tell you so, my dear?"

"He was taken ill the day you—you—went away," stammered the maid. "Since then he has had several poor spells. Once or twice we thought he was dying, for a certainty. But he is better this morning."

Nora's tears fell fast. This was such blessed news, she could scarcely credit it.

"Susette," she said, eagerly, "don't you think you could get me into the house, and contrive to give me a half-hour with my husband?"

The maid started, and shook her head.

"It would cost me my place, madam. Besides—you will forgive me for saying it—Major Vaughn would not consent to see you."

"Have they so poisoned his mind against me?" she broke out, despairingly.

"I'm afraid they have, my lady."

"Janet Conway is not like the rest. I'm sure *she* would stand by me in my trouble."

"It may be, madam. But Miss Janet is not in favor with master, you will please to remember. Her influence would not help you."

"True."

Nora had observed her husband's coldness towards Janet, and had often wondered at it.

She was silent for a long while, with her face turned away. But at last she came close up to Susette, and took both her hands in her own.

"Be a friend to me, now, for God's sake. You don't know how much I need one. If Major Vaughn remains an occupant of that house, I must be there, too. His very life may depend upon my presence. Oh, Susette, don't refuse me. I am sure you can contrive some way."

"I'm sure I wish I could oblige you, my lady," she faltered.

"You can. I tell you it must be. My enemies are also the enemies of my husband. He will never leave his sick bed alive, unless I am there to watch over him. I know it! I feel it! If you don't help me in this matter, Susette, his death will be upon your own shoulders! *You* will have it to answer for, to a certain extent, as well as those who directly bring it about."

The girl looked up again, very much frightened.

"Oh, madam! I'll consent to anything. I can't have that guilt upon my soul."

"Then think—think what is the best way to have me there without exciting anybody's suspicions."

Susette dropped her head. After a moment or two she raised it again, still looking pale, and very much flustrated.

"I believe there is a way, madam," she said, "if you were only bold enough to attempt it."

"I would attempt anything to be with my husband again. Do not fear a lack of courage on my part. What is it?"

"A new nurse is expected to arrive to-night. You might——"

"Take her place?" burst out Nora, hysterically. "Oh, if it were only possible? If I might only nurse him back to health and strength again!"

"I believe it is possible, if you have nerve enough to carry out your part," said Susette, decidedly, "You are a very clever woman, my lady, and have adapted yourself so well to this disguise that I'm sure you might venture to assume another. At the worst, you could only fail."

"I should not fail, Susette."

"I don't think you would, madam. It was one of the sisters from the Convent of the Sacred Heart who was to come. Of course you would be compelled to see her, and gain her consent to the change."

"Yes, yes."

"I can do no more, my lady. But you may count on my silence and fidelity. Now I must be going, or I shall be missed. May God help you, and make an easy path for your feet. Good-bye."

She kissed Nora's hand again, bowed to Mrs. Churchill, fluttered through the little wicket which she had left standing open, and was gone.

CHAPTER XXIX.

AT THE SACRED HEART.

Nora began to move impatiently away the instant her maid disappeared.

"We have not a moment to idle away here, my dear Mrs. Churchill," said she.

"Where are you going now?" that lady asked, somewhat sharply.

"To the Convent of the Sacred Heart."

"Humph! You will find it a fool's errand. But I am not going to expostulate. Only you must bear in mind there is danger in this neighborhood for you; and the greatest danger of all threatens you at Rosewood, if you should succeed in gaining admittance to the house, and should afterwards be suspected."

"I care not," Nora answered, almost fiercely. "I would brave a thousand deaths to save my husband; or even to have him clasp my hand in his and say he believes me to be an innocent woman. Don't try to discourage me; it would be useless. My mind is made up."

"Very well. Then I will serve you to the best of my ability. But I must say this is the strangest and maddest mission upon which I ever went. It's enough to make my poor dear husband's bones turn in the grave, if he only knew it."

Nora did not smile—her heart was too sore for that. But she warmly pressed Mrs. Churchill's hand.

The Convent of the Sacred Heart was fully five miles away; but Nora knew the route they must take—she had ridden past it once with Major Vaughn, scarcely a week before.

One little week! And yet how strangely her whole life and fortunes had been changed in those seven brief days!

The two women walked nearly half the way, rather than run the risk of exciting remark by hiring a carriage. At last they halted at a lonely farm-house, and engaged a stupid-looking boy to drive them the remaining distance.

It was afternoon when they reached the convent. They asked for the abbess, and were shown at once into her private apartment, a pleasant front room, most tastefully furnished.

The abbess was a grave, handsome woman, of about fifty, with a kind expression about her noble mouth, and very earnest-looking gray eyes.

Nora felt drawn to her at once. She tottered across the floor, and threw herself upon a hassock at the feet of the abbess, lifting up her slender white hands in an imploring gesture.

"Dear madam," she said, "I have a favor to ask. As you hope for mercy in the world to which you are journeying, I implore you to grant it."

The abbess looked surprised, as well she might, at this address.

"What can I do for you?" she asked, gently.

"One of the sisterhood is going to Rosewood to-night, in the capacity of a nurse?"

"Yes. Major Vaughn is very ill, and needs a careful person to look after his wants. Sister Theresa has been chosen for that purpose."

"Let me go in her place, and make use of her name."

"You!" repeated the abbess, drawing back. "This is a very strange request."

"Strange as it is, I most earnestly implore you to grant it."

"I cannot. It would be very wrong—an injustice to the sick man. You must be mad to ask it."

"Oh, madam, madam!"

The cry came straight from a bleeding heart. Even the abbess detected the weight of woe in that low, wailing voice. She changed color, and seemed distressed.

"Who are you, that you should come to me with such a petition?" she demanded, hastily.

"Who am I?" exclaimed Nora, tossing off her bonnet, her cap, her false front, and exposing her white, haggard face to the gaze of the abbess. "Look at me well, madam. I am Major Vaughn's wife—his wronged, suffering wife! My husband may be dying, and I am kept away from him by the cruel wretches who have separated us. Even you, madam, refuse me the poor boon of looking on his face again, and clasping his dear hand in mine! Oh, my God, and this is the mercy, the kindness of the cruel world!"

She bowed her head upon her hands, and hysterical sobs shook her frame.

The abbess was moved in spite of herself. She knew there had been trouble at Rosewood, and had heard the world's version of the story—and the world condemned Nora. Godfrey had taken very good care that it should.

But there was impress of truth in the discarded wife's manner—such bitter anguish in every look and tone as even the most crafty impostor could not have put on.

"I don't know how far this woman has been guilty," thought the abbess, "but her distress is genuine. If she has done wrong, she has at least repented of that wrong."

Tenderly raising the bowed head, she murmured, in soft, gentle accents:

"My poor child, look up. Heaven forbid that I should be harsh with you. Look up, and tell me your story, and then I shall be able to judge how far I can serve you."

"Ay, Nora, dear," said Mrs. Churchill, who had sat by, silent but observant, "tell her everything. Let her know what a poor, misused, suffering angel you are! She is not human if she can close her heart against you when she knows everything."

In a clear, low voice, using the fewest words possible to make her narrative comprehensible, Nora related her history from first to last.

"It is not alone that I wish to see my husband," she said, in conclusion. "But, from the depths of my heart, I believe his precious life will be sacrificed unless I am near, to watch over him night and day. I don't know how the suspicion arose, but it is on my heart so strong that I cannot shake it off, that the wicked wretches who have blighted my life, will not rest content with their hellish work until they have struck a death-blow at his!"

"Would it not be better for me to go to Rosewood in person, and repeat to Major Vaughn what you have just told me?"

"No, no! He would not believe you. He would think I had unduly biased your mind. No, no! Another course must be taken, if we wish to succeed. With his own eyes and ears he must be convinced of the treachery of his so-called friends. When their villainy is once unmasked, it must be so thoroughly that they will never dare renew it."

The abbess reflected for some moments.

"Perhaps you are right," she said, at last. "But, even in the event that you succeeded in successfully disguising yourself—and, frankly, I have my doubts—would it be safe to trust a sick man in such inexperienced hands as yours must be?"

"That sick man is my husband, madam," was the simple answer, "and I love him better than my own life."

The abbess looked pleased.

"Enough. You shall go to Rosewood in Sister Theresa's stead. And may the good Lord forgive me if I am doing wrong."

Nora rose at the words, and kissed and embraced her, pouring forth a torrent of thanks and broken ejaculations of delight.

She had gained the object for which she came, and could afford to be grateful.

CHAPTER XXX.

SISTER THERESA.

In the early dusk of that same evening a woman alighted from a close carriage before the gates of Rosewood, and presented herself at the door.

It so happened that Rose Carrington answered the muffled peal at the bell. She came into the hall, looking somewhat paler than usual; and she recoiled with a cry from the singular figure that there confronted her.

It is not strange that she felt startled. The woman wore the severe habit of the sisterhood to which she, seemingly, belonged—a loose, black gown, with flowing sleeves, girdled around the waist; a white linen barbette, fitting closely around the face and under the chin, dropping a few inches below it, where it was pinned square over the bosom; a broad black band across the upper part of the forehead, and a long black veil laid over all, and flowing over the crooked shoulders.

The face, as much of it as was visible, was of a deep olive tinge, and a pair of green goggles entirely shielded the eyes.

Nora—for of course it was she—could not have selected a better disguise for her purpose. Not a tress of her beautiful hair was visible, not an inch of her snowy throat. The corners of her mouth drooped a little, and she walked with a limp, bending forward a little as she moved along, which action detracted considerably from her height.

She was a born actress, and now she thanked her lucky stars for a gift never before appreciated. Her voice she could so change and modify that not a natural tone struck upon the ear; she even possessed the power to change her facial expression.

She had done all this, and with the aid of her strange garb, and the dye that darkened so much of her face as was visible, she counted upon escaping detection.

Rose may be pardoned, therefore, for her involuntary start at being confronted by such a figure. She was very little accustomed to the various costumes peculiar to the Catholic faith.

"Oh," she exclaimed, instantly recovering herself, "you are the person who was to arrive to-night from the Convent of the Sacred Heart?"

"I am Sister Theresa," answered Nora, in her disguised voice.

Rose gave her a swift glance, but could not distinguish a single feature in the twilight.

"Come in, madam," said she. "I am glad you have arrived."

Nora entered the hall with a firm step.

"The gentleman I came to nurse—is he better?" she ventured to inquire.

"We think his symptoms more favorable than they were. But you will see him in a very few moments. For the present, let me show you to the room that has been prepared for your reception."

She led the way up the thickly carpeted stairs, and opened the door of a small chamber near the landing.

"This is to be your apartment, madam. My uncle's is beyond this to the left. You can go in to him when you are ready."

It was a very pleasant room. Nora remembered it well. She had used it sometimes for a dressing room. Oh, how like a blow was the sight of the old, familiar objects! She felt like a wanderer who has returned to a dearly-loved home after an absence of years.

A small lamp burned upon the table. Rose took it up carelessly, as if trying to find a place where it would illuminate the room to better advantage. In passing Nora, she contrived to pause a moment, with the full glare of the light upon her features, and stared at her fixedly.

"I beg your pardon," she stammered, going on again. "I thought you spoke."

She left the lamp upon the bureau, and quitted the apartment. Nora glanced after, in the deepest perplexity. She knew the reason assigned was not a true one.

"What did Rose mean by that action?" she said to herself. "It was evident she wanted to get a good view of my face—but why? Not because she suspected my identity—I know that was not the reason. She does not suspect me even yet. Then why was she so anxious to see my face?"

It was a perplexing question, and one she found herself wholly unable to answer.

Suppressing every sign of agitation, she turned, and passed into her husband's chamber.

Her heart beat very rapidly as she crossed the threshold; but she did not tremble. The very hopelessness of her situation gave her courage.

The room held no one save the sick man. She was thankful for that—devoutly thankful. She could not have endured too many curious eyes upon her at first.

She went towards the bed. Major Vaughn lay there, white and still, his eyes closed. For a moment she almost thought he was dead, he looked so pale, so worn and thin.

One powerful arm was stretched out upon the snowy coverlet. The white hand lay there within her reach. Involuntarily, Nora sprang forward to catch it in her own, and cover it with kisses. She drew back just in time. It was not for her—the discarded wife—to kiss or even to weep over him, unless it should be in secret.

"Merciful heavens!" she thought; "how closely I must watch myself. All is lost if I once give way to the emotions that fill my heart."

For some time she stood motionless by the bedside, gazing upon her husband's pallid face, and thinking how sadly changed it looked.

"How little he suspects who is nigh him," she murmured. "Perhaps he will never know—perhaps I shall never have the courage to tell him. His enemies and mine may weave their plots so cunningly that I can never unmask them, and then I should be compelled to go away, and see him no more, when I have nursed him back to health again. God's will be done. I shall watch over him, night and day, guarding him with my own life, if necessary. I know that heaven will hear my prayers and aid me, and I can save *him*, whether I am ever happy myself or not."

While she still stood there, the door opened softly, and Janet Conway stole into the apartment.

Her eyes were red and swollen. Nora could see that, even in the lamplight. She had wept much. For whom? The sick man lying there?

Nora's heart warmed towards her. She had always been fond of Janet. Obeying a sudden impulse, she held out her hand.

Janet clasped it warmly.

"You are Sister Theresa?" she said, in a soft whisper.

Nora bowed her head.

"Thank God, you are with us. I am sure you will nurse my dear uncle back to health, if anybody can."

"Do you love him so very dearly?"

"Better than I can tell you," answered Janet, in a faltering voice; "better than he will ever know."

There was a sorrowful bitterness in the tone that went straight to Nora's heart.

"I love him, too," she said, impetuously.

"You?" exclaimed Janet.

Nora started when she saw how nearly she had betrayed herself; but instantly recovering herself, she said, in an even tone of voice:

"I love the sick and unfortunate everywhere. It is my mission."

"True," said Janet.

She was silent a moment. Then, as if obeying a sudden impulse, she caught Nora eagerly by the hand, and led her to the corner of the apartment most remote from the bed.

"There is something in your voice that draws me to you, in spite of myself," she said, in low, but excited tones.

"It may be wrong to confide in you, a stranger, but I cannot help it. You will not betray me?"

"Never!" exclaimed Nora. "You may speak freely. Your confidence shall remain inviolate."

Janet still hesitated. She was pale and trembling. For a moment Nora feared she had penetrated her disguise; but it was not so.

"Speak!" she cried, anxiously.

"I will," said Janet; "but, at the most, I can only deal in insinuations. I fear some great peril threatens my uncle—other peril than this sudden illness. Oh, my God, don't ask me to speak more clearly! I cannot. I have said too much already; only I implore you to watch over him as you never yet watched a patient."

She paused, and glanced hurriedly around the room, as if fearful somebody might be listening. She looked a ghost.

"I know you will think me mad," she went on, with a wan smile. "But I am not. The impression is strong upon me that imminent peril threatens Uncle Douglas. I cannot even give you the reason for that impression; but it is too vivid to be disregarded."

"I understand you," said Nora, pressing her hand. "I have felt such impressions myself."

"You will watch him night and day?"

"Yes; I will do all that mortal can do to save him. But from whom will this danger come?"

"I cannot tell you that," returned Janet, shudderingly visibly.

Nora reflected a moment, and then said:

"I cannot pretend to be ignorant of what has recently transpired beneath this roof. Answer me one question, if you please. Is it Major Vaughn's discarded wife whom you suspect of a wish to harm him?"

"Oh, no, no," cried Janet, earnestly. "I believe Mrs. Vaughn was more sinned against than sinning. But I do not fully understand the circumstances under which she went away. Oh, no, no. *She* would never, never injure him!"

Nora could have embraced her for those words. For a moment she was tempted to reveal herself, and declare her firm faith in Janet's suspicions; but more prudent thoughts prevailed.

"Then you will not tell me who it is you suspect?"

Janet shook her head.

"It would not be right. Perhaps I have not sufficient grounds for suspecting anybody, only there are people who have imposed upon Uncle Douglas, and deceived him shamefully. They have alienated him from me by their wicked arts, and now—now—something tells me they will go a step further, and—and—retard his recovery."

She could not speak the words, "murder him," but Nora could see they were in her mind.

It seemed strange that she should so soon receive such a terrible confirmation of her worst suspicions. If Janet, too, suspected wrong, their fears could not be utterly groundless.

"I know you think all this very strange—very horrible," Janet resumed, clinging to her, and bursting into a fresh flood of tears. "It *is* horrible. I grow sick, thinking of it, and yet I cannot put the thought away. Sometimes, within the past few hours, I have feared for my own reason. I think my brain would have given way, had I not spoken out to somebody. I could only speak to you. Oh, I am so very, very miserable!"

Nora made a feeble attempt at comfort, but her own heart was too full to say much.

"You may trust me," she whispered. "It is quite enough that you have placed me on my guard. I will watch over Major Vaughn as carefully as though he were my own brother."

"Thank you. Oh, may heaven bless you! You do not know what a load has been taken from my heart."

Janet turned slowly away, as she spoke. She was half-way across the room, when she came back again.

"Trust nobody else in this house," she said, in a thrilling whisper. "If you do, we are lost. You and I must save my uncle's life, if it is saved at all. Nobody else can do it."

This was all. She turned again, this time going out of the room. Her face was whiter than that of the sick man lying upon the couch.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FACETIÆ

THE family jar is frequently a jug.

VOTIVE OFFERING—Election bribes.

THE child of the sea is a harbor buoy.

TRANCE ACTION—Walking in one's sleep.

A SHOE dealer advertises "women's rights and lefts."

WHAT part of a fish is like the end of a book? The fin-is.

THE pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

AT the parting of young ladies there is much adieu about nothing.

A NOISE, when an author is writing, generally stifles his best thoughts in the birth—just as a loud sound causes the death of a brood of canary birds and silk worms.

"Do you believe there are any people who never heard 'Old Hundred?'" a musical young lady at the family asked a table.

"Lots of folks never heard it," interrupts a precocious young brother.

"Where are they, I should like to know?"

"In the deaf and dumb asylum."

THE teacher of a district school in Mansfield is in the habit of asking his scholars to define the words they are given to spell. The boy who had to wrestle with the word "ulcer" stated with a good deal of confidence that it was President Grant's first name. What a grand vista of possibilities stretches out before that boy.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

Fifty winters, fifty summers, fifty autumns, fifty springs,
Will rise like flocks of birds before us, fluttering on their airy wings.
And when that time does come, then comes rheumatiz, headache, long nights and short sleeps, anxiety about the stock market, and decided conviction that chickens and turkeys are less tender than they used to be.

"You jist ought to have been over to our house last night!" shouted one small boy to another on the Campus Martius, yesterday.

"Why—making pictures?" inquired the other.

"Naut much! Humph! No, sir; our folks went away and we had pop corn, two kinds of sweetened water, milk and camphor, drew the dog around in the tablecloth and the hired girl told us eight ghost stories."

IMAGINATIVE VENTILATION.—They have a good joke on a "Professor of Ventilation," down East, who being put in a room at a hotel with another guest, asked the latter to raise the window at night, as the air was so close.

"I can't raise it," said the guest, after working at the window for a while.

"Then knock a pane of glass out," said the Professor, which was done.

After a while the Professor got up and knocked out another pane, and then he was able to sleep; but in the morning he discovered that they had only broken into a book-case.

OUR OWN SPHINX.

[Communications intended for publication in this department, should be addressed to care of Editor SATURDAY EVENING POST, Philada.]

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

1. A consonant. 2. A domestic animal. 3. A city in Europe. 4. An ill-omen. 5. A bird. 6. A sea-fish. 7. A country in Asia. 8. A Turkish officer. 9. A vowel. The centrals form the name of a bird. FORT TOTTEN.

ENIGMA.

Around, around, around,
Above I'm ever found;
Before, behind, across,
I'm never at a loss;
Within, without, above,
I'm constant in my love;
Beside, beyond, between,
I'm felt, but never seen;
Into, out of, under,
I aid the giant thunder;
Sooner, later, ever,
You can kill me never;
Master of life—don't doubt me—
No man exists without me!

G. F. P.

VERBAL PUZZLE.

First in planet, but not in star;
Second in mother, but not in ma,
Third in Pole, but not in Dane;
Fourth in sugar, but not in cane;
Fifth in spur, but not in goad;
Sixth in burden, but not in load;
Seventh in story, but not in book;
Eighth in fish, but not in hook;
Ninth in toll, also in gate;
Tenth in play, but not in mate.
And what to mind the whole will call
I heartily wish to one and all.

S. J. DURDAN.

METAGRAM.

Intact, to play I'm often shown,
But in a stranger's hand,
I doleful sounds emit, 'tis known;
I'm sometimes with a band.

Change head, by old and young I'm sought,
But rarely am found out;
A mystery to all, 'tis thought—
Conundrums without doubt.

Change me once more, in every town,
In every nook I dwell;
On everything of small renown,
Yet owned by all. Farewell!

C. HEMMINGS.

[Answers to the above will be given in No. 37.]

Answers to "Our Own Sphinx." No. 31, Vol. 54.

HALF-WORD SQUARE.

CHEAT
HEAT
EAR
AT
T

ENIGMAS.—1. Beaux (Bows).
2. Belles (Bells).

DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

H
AIX
CASCO
HISTORY
BROCK
CRY
Y

ARITHMETICAL QUESTIONS.—1. Their ages were 12, 8 and 4 years respectively. 2. Its weight was 4 lbs, 11 oz.

CONTENTMENT.

BY HOWARD M. CONN.

Oh, why should we murmur? Why not rest content
With the blessings the giver of all good has sent?
The pleasures enjoyed in the life here below,
Are those the Creator deems best to bestow,
Then why should we sigh for the things we have not?
We should all rest contented, though humble our lot.
There is no one so poor that he might not be worse;
While that which we covet proves often a curse!

The riches we have, and the riches we crave,
Are alike laid aside when we enter the grave;
Yet the laborer prays for the monied man's wealth,
While he, in turn, prays for the laborer's health.
So envy and avarice, fostered by pride,
Are oft with dishonor too closely allied;
Wily Satan with blandishments gentle, conveys
False ideas of bliss to the one he betrays.

Sophistical arguments pervert the mind—
To the promptings of conscience, the victim is blind;
The pleasures thus gained, and thus eagerly sought,
By forfeiting honor, are too dearly bought.
The faint spark of envy, if fanned to a flame,
Often lures mortals on to dishonor and shame;
But Contentment will lighten the coarse of this life,
And strengthen each soul for the wearisome strife.

THE ESCAPE OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE LEGEND.

On the 15th of June, 1567, Mary, Queen of Scots, with the brutal Bothwell and their partisans, found themselves arrayed against that party which had Morton and Maitland at its head, the purpose of which was to avenge the death of Darnley, and to remove the desperate Bothwell from the power and place he had so unscrupulously usurped.

They met at Carberry Hill, about six miles from Edinburgh, and not far from where the great battle of Pinkie was fought. The presence of Bothwell disgusted his own army. They muttered, they held back, they began to disband—to dissolve like snow-flakes in the sun. Bothwell mounted his horse and rode for Dunbar, and Mary returned to Edinburgh with Kirkaldy of Grange, when, owing to some double-dealing she was supposed to exhibit by secretly corresponding with Bothwell, the stern Lord Lindsay intimated to her that the nobles had decided she should, for better security, reside in Lochleven Castle, whither, in fact, he, the following morning, conducted her.

The queen was received with a cold and stately ceremony by Lady Douglas and her son, William Douglas, and conducted up the main staircase without delay to the suite of apartments set apart for her. Passing up the steps of a water-gate beneath a portcullis, she arrived at last at three rooms, one an ante-room, one a sitting-room, and one a bedchamber and oratory.

Mary found, when surveying her lodgment, that a spiral staircase led from her chambers to the great hall of the castle. She was led across this to a fair garden, whose trees she had already observed in her passage across the lake. Here was also a small flower-garden, having a fountain in the midst.

Opposite to the low entrance door in the wall was another small door, which opened upon the lake. The keys of the outer door, as of most of the other keys of the castle, were in the keeping of William Douglas, who never let them pass out of his possession.

Among the ladies destined to wait upon the queen was one Mary Seton, a lovely and highly-gifted young woman, who seemed to possess, under a fair and fragile exterior, the highest courage and devotion to her beautiful mistress.

Some weeks went by, and nothing of an especial consequence transpired, only that the presence of her grim castellan, the Lady Douglas, and of her sullen jailor, William Douglas, grew more and more irksome, and the monotony of her existence more unbearable.

One morning she heard the hoarse bray of a bugle horn from the shores of the lake. Looking forth from her chamber window she beheld there a small troop of horse. A soldier had lifted a flag upon a lance. This was a signal for the castle boat to be manned and sent on shore to receive the comers.

The queen, instinctively dreading this band of armed men—this menacing group in their iron garb, and wearing huge-handled swords, some of which were slung across their shoulders—mentioned her doubts in an undertone to Mary Seton, as the boat approached.

"I do not think there can be much to fear or please you, madam, for I know that George Douglas has been gone hence these two days——"

"George Douglas?" said the queen.

"I will wager my life he is working in our cause, and only waiting the right time to let you know it. He hath not been away before, and I heard William Douglas mutter and complain about the springald's absence, so neither his mother nor his brother know the why and the wherefore of his absence."

"Thou dost only guess, good wench, I have not a friend in the world," added the queen.

"And I trust, from my soul, I guess true," responded Mary Seton.

"As I live, 'tis that horrible Lindsay, my most truculent foe—unless that blacker fiend, Ruthven, be with them! As I hope to be saved, it is he! I dread him worse than death. Thou knowest not what his presence does recall to me. I must not—I cannot—I will not see him; and go thou forth and say to them so."

"But, gracious, madam, if they come from the regent?"

"From Murray—from my brother! who has made himself regent, child!" And the queen smiled scornfully. "Dost think he sends me news of his abdication?"

"Alas, madam! would I could serve you with my life!" began the trembling attendant.

"I know thy love—thy devotion—and that of thy family. But, hark! they summon for entrance. Go to the outer door—bar it—say I cannot see them—at least, not yet."

And, while the queen retreated, trembling, into her bedchamber where her tiring women awaited her, Mary Seton went to the outer room to bar the entrance of the two dark giants, clad in clanking iron, with her own puny form.

The outer door closed to in half at the middle. Across this, and falling within two iron bands or staples, was a stout wooden bar, which gave the greater security against any who might seek an entrance by force. Mary Seton had barely time to close it, when she heard the heavy steps of the dreaded nobleman at hand.

Looking for the bar, to her consternation she found that it had been removed or in some way mislaid. There was but an instant to think; but that instant suffused, and never could painter or sculptor idealize a more heroic purpose and courageous attitude than Mary Seton now assumed. She thrust her *bared arm through the staples*, so that without breaking and shattering her arm, or hewing it in two, no entrance could possibly be forced.

A violent knocking was followed by a deep voice, saying, in a tone of authority:

"Open the door, within there!"

It was Lord Lindsay who spoke.

"Who dares to insist on entering the Queen of Scotland's chamber in this uncivil way?" demanded Mary Seton.

"I, Lord Lindsay, ambassador to the queen from the council," was the answer.

"The queen, at present, declines to see any one—ambassador or no ambassador!" retorted Mary Seton.

"Open!" thundered Lindsay, striking the door with his dagger till the chamber resounded with the blows—"open! or, by St. Andrew, I'll have the door down! Where is the seneschal? Did not you tell me, sirrah, that the bar had been removed?"

"And so it had, my lord," was the answer, "for here it is!" Pointing to it lying without.

"Then how does the jade manage to secure it?" asked Ruthven, with a scowl.

"With my arm only, my lord!" replied the courageous girl, from the other side, "as once a Douglas did for the first James, when the Douglases had black hair instead of red, and were loyal men and not traitors!"

"Aha!" retorted Lindsay, in a rage; "then you must know also that such a feeble barrier could not resist Graham, for the arm of Catharine Douglas was snapped like a twig."

"Open the door at once," said the calm, commanding voice of Mary, who, at the moment, entered. "Your devotion to me, brave girl, shall cost you no such sacrifice."

Mary Seton obeyed. Her arm, bruised and livid, was moved away. The door opened, and Lindsay and Ruthven, armed to the teeth, stalked into the room.

"Now, my lords," said the queen, "since your business brooks so little delay, and since your patience will barely permit me to attire myself, and since you have strength and will enough to commit such an outrage on my attendant," pointing to Mary Seton's bruised arm, "I pray you, delay not farther to speak."

"I am here from the Secret Council of State," broke in Ruthven, with an impatient voice, "and, in their name, I offer you their pardon."

"*Pardon*, my lord! *their* pardon!" And the queen's eyes flashed fire.

"Or to place before you the act of abdication, which you will sign in our presence."

"My act of abdication?" The queen paused and sat down. "Then," she added, "it will be amusing to hear it read! Pray you, my lord, since you have advanced so far in scholarship as to concoct it, favor me by its perusal."

Lord Ruthven took one of the papers, opened it, and in a cold, impassive voice, read the document.

A moment of silence ensued when Ruthven left off reading.

"Have you heard, madam?" at length asked he.

"Yes," replied Mary Stuart, "I have heard certain rebellious words, the meaning of which I have not understood; in fact I thought that my ears, which for some time past have been accustomed to listen to strange language, still deceived me, and I thought thus out of respect for you, my lord."

"Madam," replied Ruthven, "our honor has little to care for the opinion of a woman who has been so remiss in watching over her own."

There followed a pause, which the queen broke.

"It should seem that I have no alternative, then?"

"Unless you accept the conditional pardon of the Council," returned the remorseless Ruthven.

"Then give me the paper."

Pale, but perfectly composed, the queen took up a pen and said:

"My lord, I abdicate the throne of Scotland in favor of my son, and you witness that I sign it without force!"

She smiled bitterly as she said this, and signed. But it was observed that the iron grip of Ruthven's gauntleted hand compelled her feeble fingers to trace the words.

Then she retired to her chamber, followed by the weeping and alarmed Mary Seton.

* * * * *

The queen's dinner hour was over. The Lady Douglas, with her icy smile, her marble face, and with a fierce gleam of exultation on it, had, in the mocking tone of one who knows that every word is a stab, condoled with the queen upon the abdication she had been forced to sign. Mary smiled a pale, sickly smile, and Mary Seton, whose swollen and discolored arm showed the brutal force which Lord Ruthven had used when endeavoring to enter, had fastened the door after the ghostly Lady Douglas, who had retired. They were both alone.

With a laugh, and a bound, and an exulting clapping of her fair white hands, the beautiful attendant, turning to the queen, said:

"Joy, madam, joy! He has returned, and it is all as I thought. Oh, we shall baffle them yet—we shall—we shall!" And she shook her pretty fist in the direction taken by the boat, which had borne away Ruthven, Lindsay, and the rest, some hours ago.

"Why, wench, art mad?" exclaimed the queen, amazed. "Joy—joy for *me*?"

"Oh, I swear to you, you will find cause, for he has returned."

"He has returned! Who is *he*, you little madcap?"

"Why, know you not? I mean George Douglas, madam!" and suddenly a broad, beautiful blush sprang up, and spread over her cheeks.

"By my head, Mary, but I believe thou thinkest more of George Douglas than of thy prayers. Has he won thy heart, sweet one? Tell me."

"Madam," replied Mary Seton, "he has an eagle's glance, and he looks higher. But, indeed, it is for your sake that I rejoice. It is on your behalf he has been hence. On your behalf he has returned."

"Dost thou say so?" eagerly cried the queen.

"He lies in without. The instant his mother departed, he watchful as a spy, has taken his post at the door—he told me so, and begged that I would procure audience of you for him, on a matter of life and liberty—for the sake of the nation and the queen."

"At once—at once bring him in, and without delay. And hark thee! do thou keep watch without, so that if any come, he may depart by the small staircase, and through the hall."

Mary Seton curtseyed, quitted the chamber, and in another moment George Douglas—a very model of a youthful Antinous, with panting chest, with a ruddy spot on either cheek, and a frank, loyal earnestness, stood bareheaded before the queen.

"You would speak to me," began the queen.

"I would serve you, madam, and with my life!" was his energetic reply.

"I will forgive whatever ill the house of Douglas has done me," answered Mary, "even for the sake of those words so fervently spoken."

"Ah, madam!" and he sank to the ground, and touched her finger with his lip, "to behold you is to be devoted—to live for you, unspeaking joy—to die for you, undying honor."

"And now, sir, speak, for I must believe that you have something more than the will to do me service."

"Will it please you, therefore, madam, to read this?" and drawing a paper forth, to which seals and signatures were affixed, he presented it to her. The queen, in astonishment, read as follows:

"We, the undersigned earls, lords, and barons, having considered that our queen is detained at Lochleven, and that her faithful subjects cannot obtain access to her person, and seeing, moreover, that our duty engages us to watch for her safety, promise and swear to use all reasonable means in our power to restore her to liberty, on conditions compatible with the honor of her majesty, the welfare of the kingdom, and even with the safety of those who keep her in prison, provided they will consent to her liberation; but if they refuse to do so, we declare that we are ready to engage ourselves, our children, our friends, our servants, our vassals, our possessions, with our bodies and our lives, to set her at liberty, to provide for the safety of the prince, and to lend our aid in punishing the murderers of the late king. If we are opposed in our attempts, whether collectively or individually, we promise to defend and assist each other, even when threatened with the heaviest penalties, or exposed to the stigma of infamy and perjury. So help us heaven!"

"Signed with our hands at Dumbarton."

And then followed some six or eight noble names.

"It is surely Providence that hath sent you to give me hopes yet of my deliverance," cried the queen, in a faint voice, as she sank, overpowered, into a chair, as glancing over the signatures, she found them to be among the first nobles and most influential names in Scotland, despite that in the ranks of her foes were many as powerful.

"I see, too, that my Lord Seton commends you to me," she continued. "He bids me trust in you as being one of the most devoted of my friends."

George Douglas bowed. He did not dare to speak. Mary remarked that his cheeks were now very pale, and that he seemed scarcely able to master his emotions. She felt a shock as though she knew his very heart was appealing to her. Queen though she was, she drooped her head, for, after all, Mary was no more than woman.

"I know not how to thank you sufficiently; but that you have encountered peril and great danger in this, I feel certain. Believe me, from the bottom of my heart, my gratitude is yours——"

"Oh, madam——"

"And I trust in you as I would in one dearer than a brother."

He had sunk, trembling, on his knees before her.

"I accept it, madam," he said. "I am yours to dispose of, body and soul—life and limb—name, honor, all——"

"But this devotion surely springs——"

"From my heart—from my being—for I love you. I have loved, worshipped, adored the very ground you tread upon and the very air you breathe, for seven long, delirious, maddening years. I was at the Court of France when you were there. I witnessed your espousals with the Dauphin, for you were to me as a star, as some worshipped Madonna. I was on board De Merillon's galley when you embarked for Scotland. I was with the Regent when you conquered Huntley. I escorted you to Glasgow—to Edinburgh. I foresaw you would be here, and I have been here expecting you—planning your release, and making counterplots against your enemies."

"And I!" cried the queen, radiant, and seizing his hand, which she pressed with all the warmth of gratitude. "I was thinking, and complaining even, that none loved me; and behold! out of the very house of my deadliest foe arises my preserver—my deliverer! Yet, youth, with its generous impulses and warm ardor, how often does it cherish fatal passions—deadly attachments!"

"Madam—madam, fear not for me, I implore you," he began.

"Shall I name to you those who perished for my sake, Francis the Dauphin, Chatelard, Rizzio, Darnley. Shall I point to their tombs, whence their blood still calls for vengeance? Shall I warn you by their examples——"

"Rather encourage me!" cried George, rising. "To die thus, serving you, is my hope—to save you, at any sacrifice, my sole passion!"

"You are a noble youth," she said, warmly. "I pray I may live to see you a gallant man—that I may recognize your fidelity and affection—that I may find you a bride worthy of you, and a dowry fitted for her. And by my troth," she added, archly, "I broadly guess one of these is not far off! But we waste time. This paper fills me with hopes again. I see they are up and stirring. Argyle, Ross, Herries, Seton, Galloway, St. Clair—men who will fight even when their swords are broken!"

"And who know how to fight, madam, but not how to give way!"

"But to escape?" cried the queen, suddenly.

"That may be done," responded George Douglas.

"And your stern, watchful brother keeps the keys!"

"Like Cerberus—but I have forereached him."

"How? how?" was the eager query.

"By having a set made sufficiently like the real ones to deceive William Douglas for the time," replied George. "I have foreseen all contingencies, and have taken, I believe, every requisite precaution to secure success."

"Then my escape——"

"Is certain! A little time—a few nights hence, and you shall cross the lake. Look forth each night towards Kinross, and so long as a light is shining there, know that your friends are there, and only bide their time."

"You give comfort to one who was a most wretched woman!" said the queen; "and even if all were to fail, I shall not owe you the less for the daring and the devotion you have shown."

Very shortly after some further arrangements were made, George Douglas took his leave, the thrilling touch of the queen's hand yet tingling on his warm lips, and followed by the lingering gaze of Mary Seton until he disappeared in the dim, far-off corridors leading to the great staircase.

* * * * *

Weeks went by, and still the queen waited and hoped, for the light shone over Kinross, and she felt certain that no time was lost, no opportunity thrown away; that her friends were rousing the country to action, levying forces, gathering troops; and she knew too well the difficulties they had to encounter to grow querulous over delay; besides that, it was necessary to show no interest in aught passing in Edinburgh or elsewhere, in order to avert the suspicion of her jealous guardians. George Douglas she beheld as usual in his boat upon the lake passing to and fro, but, beyond that, they had no communication.

The difficulties of escape were innumerable, and could not by any means be overcharged. Sentinels double in some places; a strong garrison; two strong skiffs, well found in oars and tackling; and, above all, the cat-like vigilance of Lady Douglas, or the lynx-eyed watchfulness of William. But the night of escape came at last.

One evening, while the queen was watching the light shown across the Lake of Kinross, she found it doubled, and then changed in a peculiar manner. This was the signal that armed friends were gathered on the shore, and that she must prepare to join them.

Presently, from a boat that floated at the foot of the tower, there came a small packet softly thrown into the chamber. The queen seized it, opened it, and found a piece of paper wrapped in a ball of stout silken thread. On the paper was written as follows:

"To-morrow evening, at eleven, lower this cord down, and draw up a packet with the greatest care, which will be found fastened to it. Full directions will be given, and the boat will be in readiness beside the steps of the door opening from the garden on the lake."

The queen, then turning to Mary Seton, said:

"And all our doors will be locked upon us in the meantime, so that our plan of escape is a mockery."

"Madam, you forget that George Douglas has had some imitation or duplicate keys made to exchange for the real ones. Believe me, all will be done that will be necessary for us to depart hence."

"True, true!" responded the queen. "Heaven send the night were come, and success with it!"

The night *did* come. At ten, William Douglas locked and tried all the doors intervening between the queen's chambers and the great hall and garden—that is to say, they were locked *in*. At the same hour the rounds were made, and after some bustle and clamor all became still. At eleven, the cord was lowered from the queen's window, and after a bundle had been attached to it, and a gentle pull given, they hauled it up, and found it to contain the coveted keys of the castle, together with ample instructions as to the passages they were to take, the keys requisite for the right doors, and the topography of every part, from the innermost chamber even to the garden gate.

With this they found a slight but necessary change of garments, which gave them both a more menial appearance; and a brief glance would have pointed them out as a couple of the female domestics belonging to the castle.

Their doors had been locked. One after the other, the queen and Mary Seton passed forth. They locked the outer door, and drew away the key. They passed swiftly and breathlessly down the great staircase. They were in the great hall.

Soldiers and servitors, maidens and men, were gathered around the great fire-place, and this they *must* pass in order to reach the passage and doors leading to the garden. These doors were locked, too! Might not the sentinels be there, and suspect them?

There was no time to discuss the matter—they must pass on. The queen seized a pitcher, and Mary Seton took up a tray. They had the advantage of the shadows which the wider expanse of the hall offered. They passed on without haste; they jostled by the retainers; they were accosted even, but, fortunately, what they were doing was a common occurrence; they had crossed the hall; they were out of it, and traversing a corridor leading to a little ante-chamber, passing which was the entrance into the garden.

They heard the sentinel hum the burden of an old ballad. A moment more and they were full upon him. Scarcely knowing what they did, they both placed—the one the pitcher, the other the tray—on a wooden bench.

"That's my bonny lasses," said the man; "and here's the quarter-guard coming. My certie, but the loons 'll soon clear awa' the manchets and empty stoup and biggin. Gude neicht, my pretty ones!" And he passed into the guard-chamber, while they hurried to the door opening into the garden. They drew the bolts—unlocked it; they were without. The chill air blew freshly on their feverish brows. They relocked the door, and hurried to the water-gate.

"Is any one without?" asked the queen, through the keyhole, and bending her ear to it, though scarcely in the hope of receiving any reply.

To her great joy, however, a manly, well-known voice rejoined, but in an undertone, the burden of an old clan ballad—

"Douglas, Douglas,
Tender and true"

In another moment the door was unlocked, and the two females stepped, with beating hearts, into the skiff which was rocking at the steps by which they descended. They sat down in the stern, and George Douglas, who had a companion with him, shoved the boat off, and they began to row away with strong and rapid strokes.

"My follower here, who waits on my brother in his chamber, changed the keys for me," said George Douglas, in reply to a question put to him; "and now, since their work is done, let them go many a fathom down, to rest in their own rust!"

And, as he spoke, he hurled the keys far from him, and the bunch sank into the lake with a loud splash.

"Is there not another boat at the castle?" asked the queen.

"They'll be skillful men who can row that boat, with as many holes in her as would let life out of a man, whilst she lets in water like a sieve of the Danaides," returned George, laughing. "It was my last work to stove her in. But, holloa!" he continued, "we're discovered, and they point a falconet at us. Pull, Dougal! pull as if thy life lay in those arms!"

A hoarse summons came across the lake.

"Boat! boat, ahoy there! Pull back instantly, or I'll fire!"

"Fire away!" laughed the young Douglas, "and we'll pull away all the merrier. There it goes!—flash!—bang! and a miss! A miss, we know, is as good as a mile. Now they seek the boat!"

"And a pretty de'l's hubbub there'll be," interposed his stolid assistant. "Some o' thapples 'll be raxed, I'se warrant; an' now, you may tak' it easy, for we're out of reach of their iron pills, and the longest arm they have. And one—two—three—and run her ashore, and beach her handsomely: And so, God save Queen Mary!"

As he spoke, the boat stranded beside a plank that been pushed out from the land, one end being lifted level out of the water. George Douglas now stepped on the plank, uncovered his head, and held out his hand to the queen. As she took it, and stepped forth, a loud and lusty cheer from an assembled group of armed men, with banners and pennons afloat, burst forth exultingly in the air; and Lords Hamilton, Seton, and Herries uncovered their heads to receive her.

"Thanks, my friends! thanks to all! Above all, thanks to my brave preserver, George Douglas!"

Thus did Mary, Queen of Scots, escape from Lochleven Castle.

We do not follow her history farther—to the battle of Lansside, where her star waned, and fell—to her imprisonment, and her execution in England, at the hands of Elizabeth. This is already noted, and here, therefore, ends our story of Lochleven Castle.

EFFECT OF EXERCISE.

It is found by observation that the effect of "training," or the persistent use of gymnastic exercises, is to enlarge the heart and lungs both in size and capacity. It is stated by the superintendent of a public gymnasium that one of the persons sent to be instructed in gymnastics gained five inches in girth around the chest in less than three months. That this growth is not explained by the mere enlargement of the pectoral muscles, is proved by the increased volume of air which the lungs are enabled to expire, as is demonstrated by the spirometer, and post-mortems abundantly show an increased capacity as well as size in the heart and the large blood-vessels. The lungs increase both in length and breadth, forcing the ribs outward and the diaphragm downwards. It is for this reason that athletes and gymnasts are enabled to make prolonged and violent exertions without getting out of wind. The capacity of the heart and central arteries being enlarged, they can accommodate more blood. Their contractile power being increased by this new demand upon them, they are enabled to send on the current through the lungs with increased velocity, and thus by their greater capacity are able to oxygenize the blood as fast as it is supplied to them, and so no congestion takes place, and no inconvenience is felt. The normal capacity of the lungs of an adult male is about two hundred cubic inches. It is computed that an enlargement of three inches around the chest gives an increase of fifty cubic inches of lung capacity.

CHINESE POLITENESS

Rules of politeness are all regulated at Pekin by the Tribunal of Rites. In case you wish to pay a visit to a mandarin, the proper thing to do is to send in your card, on a small piece of red paper, on which is your name, followed by a polite sentence as this: "The tender and sincere friend of your lordship, and perpetual disciple of your doctrine, thus presents himself to pay his respects, and to bow before you to the earth." If the mandarin is willing to receive you, he asks you to pass before him. You are expected to make the humble reply, "I dare not;" and, after an infinity of gestures, which are all arranged, and obligatory phrases, the master of the house bows to a chair, and slightly dusts it with the corner of his robe, upon which you are at length seated. The difficulties are much increased when ten or a dozen mandarins call upon an Englishman at once, and, according to the custom, tea is offered, beginning at one of the highest rank. He pretends to offer it to the next, then to the third, and so on to the last. All having politely refused, he permits himself to drink it. The second, in his turn, has to offer the cup to the others, and thus the farce proceeds, until all have gone through the wearisome task.

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The Boudoir

[Communications relating exclusively to subjects considered in this department, in order to receive prompt attention, should be addressed to "Fashion Editress" SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

There are but few novelties to offer to our readers just now, while the fashions are undergoing a sort of transition state. Much attention is directed towards the effort made by Worth and certain satellites of his to introduce into general use the corsage laced or buttoned up behind. The adoption of it has hitherto been confined to the low-necked evening waist, and we do not think, except in a few cases of mixed costumes, that it will ever be very popular. Although it gives a graceful appearance to the figure, and affords a smoother, more regular fit to a waist than when the corsage closes in front, it has the marked disadvantage of being unhandy. Unless one has a maid always at hand to fasten up the buttons or laces, one could not well manage it. This, we think, will have much weight in the minds of our independent American dames, in deciding against it.

The only one that we have seen for other wear besides evening receptions was in a costume of fine cashmere and matelasse silk. The front and side widths of the underskirt were of the cashmere, made entirely plain. At the back was a large double box plait of the matelasse buttoned down the centre. The overdress, or simple apron front, was of cashmere, very deep, and trimmed with three rows of knotted silk fringe, placed about eight inches apart, and headed by a narrow fold of silk. Pointed pockets of matelasse, edged with fringe, were placed at each side.

A sleeveless cuirass of cashmere, cut square back and front at the neck, was buttoned up behind over a plain high waist of matelasse, with coat-sleeves of the same. A high round collar completed this unique costume.

A toilette of navy blue silk was made with four knife-blade pleated flounces on the lower skirt. A square apron overdress, edged with a knife-blade pleating, and drawn up in the back by a shirring on each side. A sash with loops and long ends fell at the back. Basque, with the skirts of the side bodies slashed up and cut in points, edged with knife-blade pleating; a fancifully plaited piece was placed between them, finished by a bow at the waist, just in the middle. The fronts ended in square flaps, on which were two pockets. A full plaited ruff lined with white faille completed the throat. The sleeves were trimmed with a shirring and three narrow ruffles falling over the wrist. Another ruffle was placed above the shirring and turned over towards the elbow.

A very pretty suit for a little girl was made of camel's hair cloth, plain and striped. The underskirt was of a brownish-gray tint, striped and cross-barred with fine hair-lines of scarlet. A kilt plaiting of plain gray was placed at the bottom. On every fold was placed a small scarlet crochet button.

The overskirt and basque were cut in one at the back, and laid in kilt plaits at the waist, confined there by a band of the plain gray, edged with the checked, and fastened at each end, under the arm seye by two buttons similar to those on the skirt. The fronts of the basque cut in square tabs apart from the skirt, and edged with a mixed worsted fringe of scarlet and gray. Square pockets of the plain gray, ornamented with the buttons, were placed on each side of the front of the overdress. The basque was double-breasted, and had a high round collar and square cuffs on the coat sleeves of the plain gray, the latter trimmed on the outer seam with buttons. A dark gray felt hat, with wide upturned rim, bound with scarlet faille, trimmed about the crown with a soft scarf of twilled India silk, gray in color; a scarlet wing and spray of gray-shaded leaves completed one of the daintiest little toilettes we have ever seen.

One of the most elegant costumes we have ever seen in black silk was made in this manner: Being a house or carriage dress, the lower skirt was made *en traine*. The back laid in a double box plait that was not held in place low down the skirt, but allowed to fall in graceful drapery. The front and side widths were trimmed with a wide puff, headed by an upright frill two and a half inches deep; a similar frill edged it, beneath which were two flounces, one four, the other six inches deep.

The overdress, a deep round apron front, edged with a bias fold of black velvet, three inches wide, edged with lace, dotted with fine jet. Another fold of velvet was placed in the centre of the apron, and rounded away beneath the back; lace, similar to that upon the lower fold, edged it also.

The corsage was a deep, plain cuirass, edged with a wide velvet fold and fall of lace.

The sleeves were made half-tight fitting, and were slashed up to the elbow, and trimmed with a fold of velvet edged with lace, inside of which was basted a pleating of Valenciennes lace or crepe lisse. The neck had a full ruche at the back, and was heart-shaped in front; a fold of velvet, edged with lace, following the shape of the opening, and ending in a large double bow of velvet and white faille. A pleating of tulle and Valenciennes lace, or tulle and crepe lisse, fill in the neck.

If worn for a carriage dress, the hat should be of black velvet, Rubens shape, and trimmed with a scarf of white India silk or China crape, and long, white ostrich plumes.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Gros grain ribbons, two inches wide, cardinal color, or else dark purplish blue are worn, tied around the head, under the flared-up hat brim, and tied at the back, falling from thence in long ends, and two loops.

Narrow edgings of guipure *d'art* are quite fashionable for trimming linen underwear.

Instead of braiding the hair in the conventional Catogan loop, many ladies prefer tying it up in one thick coil.

Camel's-hair suits are more fashionable than ever. They are generally made with a round, deep overdress, and half-tight fitting basque, trimmed with ball or twisted woolen fringe.

Cravats of China crape, edged with Valenciennes lace or the guipure *d'art*, are tied in a sailor's knot, low down at the throat.

Veils of white tulle, or Brussels net dotted with small spots of black chenille, are again in vogue, and adopted by some of our fashionable belles.

Some of the velvet "dog-collar" necklaces are made of three strands of narrow velvet, plaited together, and thickly sprinkled with fine jet or small Roman pearls.

Low bodices for ball dresses are all laced behind. The form is generally that of a basque, with short, plaited skirts, pointed in front and behind.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

KATE R.—It is more than probable that your unpleasant sensations come from the injudicious use of the powerful hair dye of which you speak. We would advise you to consult a physician. The wattean plait is made directly down the centre of the back of the cloak.

MRS. M. R. L.—Make your dove-colored camel's-hair with a round overskirt, buttoned down the front if you like; a half-tight fitting basque, with square cuffs, and pocket flaps; round or plaited collar, ending in revers on the bust, either single or double. Trim with ball fringe a shade darker than your cloth.

MRS. L'ESTRANGE.—The Ulster overcoat, about which you inquired for your boy of ten, is made very much like the common army overcoat, minus the cape, that our soldiers wore. It has the belt also of the material, which either hooks or buttons in front. It comes down very low, almost to the ankles, and certainly is a very sensible fashion for our severe winters. Gentlemen have worn them very much this season. We can send the pattern.

NIXON.

CUPID'S WING.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

The dart of Love was feathered first
From Folly's wing, they say,
Until he strove his staff to shoot
In Beauty's heart one day;
He missed the maid so oft 'tis said
His aim became untrue;
And Beauty laughed as his last shaft
He from his quiver drew!
"Forbear," cried she, "to shoot at me,
You little spiteful thing!
The feather on your shaft I scorn
When plucked from Folly's wing!"

But Cupid soon fresh arrows found,
And fitted to his string;
And each new shaft he feathered from
His own bright glossy wing!
He shot until no plume was left
To waft him to the sky;
And Beauty smiled upon the child
When he no more could fly;
"Now, Cupid, I am thine!" she said;
"Come, cease thine archer play;
For Beauty yields when she is sure
Love will not fly away!"

SWORD AND SADDLE;

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN MEXICO.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD,

Author of "Silver Rifle," "River and Forest," Etc., Etc.

NUMBER 4.

The Lassoer's Victory — Cerro Gordo — The Beginning of Strange Adventures.

Grivalja the lassoer stood over the dead girl like a tiger at bay. His hand sternly clutched the hilt of his knife, and his eyes flashed a world of hatred at his boyish antagonists who faced him with drawn swords.

It was an exciting tableau, and one it seemed that neither party cared to dissipate. Yet it could not last long, for detachments of the victorious army, aided by the citizens, were seeking the unburied dead, and the ruins would soon be visited.

For some moments after Grivalja's exclamation of "*Carajos!*" no word was spoken. Once or twice the Mexican cast his eyes upon the dead at his feet, and bitterly bit his lip.

"Come on!" suddenly cried Richard. "I've had enough of this stare and counterstare. Come on, Grivalja, and test the metal of our swords and the muscles of our arms."

This speech was received by a low laugh of contempt that rippled over Grivalja's lips. For a moment he seemed about to fly, for he put up his knife and turned half way round.

His movement by his foes was construed into an inauguration of flight, and their action told that they did not know the man with whom they were dealing.

Eagerly the boys darted forward, and were within a few feet of their enemy, when he wheeled about with a suddenness terrifying in its nature, and threw himself upon them.

Though taken by surprise, the young adventurers recoiled, and instantly assumed the defensive.

Frank Hatton struck fiercely at the Mexican, but his weapon, striking the heavy rim of his *sombrero*, glanced away, and inflicted no wound. Grivalja smiled at this, and, before Frank could execute a surer stroke, his sword was wrenched from his hand and flung against the battered wall of the Spanish house. Richard, who had been hurled to the ground at the opening of the contest, now rose, and leaped to his comrade's assistance, but again he was met by the lassoer, who warded off his blow with the butt of a beautifully ornamented Castilian pistol, and, by a dexterous movement, deprived him of his sword.

An instant later the boys drew their pistols, but found themselves covered by the eyes and the lovely weapon of their enemy.

Over his triumph Grivalja laughed demoniacally, and sparks of fire seemed to dart from his dark eyes.

"The little *Americanos* killed Pedros in the night," he said, speaking for the first time since the unsheathing of the swords. "Grivalja has cried *guerra al cuchillo*, and he will not forget the cry. The *Americanos*' hearts are his; he can pierce them with his bullets, and throw them over the body of fair Inez. But he will not do this; he spares them till another day. *Americanos*, we will meet again! When Grivalja is on his horse, and bears the lasso again, he will avenge the death of Pedros. If you would escape his vengeance, go back to the land of the eagles, far from our oppressed Mexico."

"We will not turn our backs on your threats," cried Frank. "Now, more than ever, we are determined to remain. If you spare us now, you may curse the act in the days to come."

Grivalja laughed sarcastically, and stepped back.

"*Adios*," he cried. "*Adios, Americanos*—and Inez, my fair, *adios!*"

The next instant he sprang nimbly to the right, and the long shadow of a wall hid him from sight.

"Confound the lassoer," cried Richard, springing after the Mexican with recovered sword and ready pistol; "he has eluded us again."

The youth gained the shadow at a single bound, but the guerilla was not to be seen; the sound of retreating footsteps was the only thing that greeted his senses.

Displeased, he returned to his comrade, who was bending over Inez, the lassoer's love.

"Baffled again!" he exclaimed. "Must it be ever thus?"

"No!" cried Frank, springing to his feet. "When next we meet Grivalja, he shall not elude us. We should have drawn pistols, not swords. We know our foe now—a man of stratagem, and possessing the agility of the puma of his native mountains, and the strength of the tiger. I admire him."

"I hate him!" said Richard, bitterly.

"Not a word of this to the major, Frank. He shall not laugh over our first defeat. Why he'd talk about sending us home if he knew that we permitted Grivalja to escape when we had him in our clutches."

"Not a word of it shall be known," said Frank. "Come, let us bury this girl—let us do one kindness to the direst enemy we possess."

Richard acceded to his companion's proposition, and a cloak which some one, probably Grivalja, had dropped, was wrapped about the faultless form of the dead girl. Frank, after a brief absence, returned with a Mexican spade, and under the brilliant moon the young heroes made a narrow grave. It was a deed of kindness that yielded fruit many days afterwards.

A coffin was formed with the broken stones of the bombarded mansion, and Inez was lowered into her tomb. Over the mound that portion of the Burial Service that Richard repeated from memory had a strange sound, and when he had finished two low and fervent "amens" were spoken.

After the burial, the adventurers assisted in the interment of other dead; but they could not keep their thoughts from Grivalja. Wherever they went about the city their eyes continually sought him. The following day they traversed the streets of the captured stronghold, encountering hundreds of paroled Mexicans, but not the man they sought.

"I do not think he was paroled," said Frank. "Such a man as Grivalja is not going to bind himself not to fight when war is all around him."

The boys after some conversation agreed to such conclusion, which was strengthened when Maurice, the major, informed them that no such name as Grivalja could be found on the parole lists.

"Ah! you'll meet him again, my boys," said the major. "His cry *guerra al cuchillo* is not braggadocio!"

From the major had been kept the secret of the battle by the ruined house, and the young adventure seekers were still smarting under defeat when the army left Vera Cruz on the Jalapa road.

The cry of "To the city of Mexico" now rent the air, and every soldier looked forward with joy to the conquest of the world renowned capital of the land—the El Dorado of the Aztecs.

But it was destined that the advance of the victors should be molested. Santa Anna defeated at Buena Vista by "Rough and Ready" was not subdued. Raising another army, which he inspired with enthusiasm, he advanced to Sierra Gorda (or Cerro Gordo as it is otherwise spelled) and strongly entrenched himself. The Americans approached boldly, and on the 18th of April, 1847, the strong works were assaulted and carried.

It was a victory that sent a thrill of joy throughout the United States, and our young heroes, who fought beside Maurice, the major, in the engagement, felt that they had humbly contributed to the glorious achievements of the day.

At Cerro Gordo the army did not rest. Jalapa, the strong, defended by natural fortifications, was but ten miles distant, and Scott had resolved to strike terror to the hearts of his foes by the celerity and resistless force of his movements.

Among the scouts, well-mounted, sent in advance of the army were the young adventurers. Maurice, the major, commanded the squad, hence the presence of the boys among the soldiers.

From time to time detachments of the reconnoitering party were sent back to the main army, and the shades of evening found the remainder traversing the country in groups a few miles from Jalapa.

Many deserted houses had been visited. Deserted—for not a sign of life was visible about them; the very dogs had followed the retreating army, six thousand of which had taken refuge in the city. Some of these houses were quite pretentious, and what furniture and decorations their flying tenants had left, indicated no little wealth.

"I am sure we have not invaded that domicile," said Richard to his comrade, while he pointed to a fine building possessing the usual adobes, and surrounded by a verdant court.

"We have not," answered Frank, "and I think we have time to inspect its interior before our leave of absence expires."

Thereupon they rode towards the dwelling, and dismounted at the porch. About the place there was the silence of death, and Richard Julian smiled as he opened the door and said:

"Nobody at home as usual, Frank. I do not deem it necessary to leave our cards."

Frank returned the smile with the interest of a light laugh, and suggested that, as the building was the most pretentious they had yet seen, it should be examined.

The room they entered was quite large, with low ceiling and bare walls. What furniture remained had been ruthlessly broken, but there was enough found to tell that the owner of many poons had made the house his home.

Out of one room and into another was the order of the examination that followed, until the sound of a human voice caused the searchers to come to an abrupt halt in a long and dusky corridor.

"Listen!" whispered Frank; "some one is praying."

In the silence that followed they heard the faint voice of prayer that seemed to emanate from a room to their right—the only chamber they had left unvisited.

The boys listened until the sounds died away, like songs seem to die among the golden stars.

"Shall we enter?" questioned Richard.

"Yes," answered Frank. "It would be cowardice to leave now."

"And sacrilege to disturb the supplicant," finished Richard, as he advanced towards the door.

A moment later a gentle push swung the little portal back, and the glare of many lights blinded the eyes of the young Americans for a minute.

Amazed and bewildered, they stood on the threshold, gazing on the beautiful occupant of the room—a young girl, who knelt in the mellow light of the sacred tapers before the image of her Redeemer.

Correspondents' Bureau

☞ All communications should be addressed to R. J. C. WALKER, Editor and Proprietor SATURDAY EVENING POST, No. 727 WALNUT Street, Philadelphia.

☞ This Department will be found an attractive feature to all our readers. In addition to important and particular information for Subscribers, Contributors, and others, it will contain many novel, instructive and entertaining topics, fully discussed in answer to the numerous Notes and Queries contained in our general correspondence.

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CORRESPONDENTS' NOTES AND QUERIES.

JESSE.—Instead of troubling yourself, to say nothing of troubling other people, about "girls," we would strongly advise you to go to school and learn how to write and spell, and to express yourself in a more intelligible manner than you have done in the letter with which you have favored us.

A. R. H.—There is no set form of congratulation which you should offer to your friends who you say are lately married, and who have invited you to their wedding reception. You may say anything pretty that first strikes you, except wishing them "many happy returns of the ceremony," as we don't think that would be very suitable or appropriate for the occasion!

AMERICUS.—Essential oils are obtained by distillation in water; in this process an oil passes over along with the steam, and floats on the surface of the water. This is the essential, or as it is sometimes called the volatile oil, and is converted into vapor at a very low heat. 2. Arsenic is taken in some countries, especially in Styria, by the young female peasants to increase their personal attractions.

TWENTIETH WARD.—"What is the derivation of the word 'caucus?'" A caucus is, as you know, a private meeting held for the purpose of concerting measures, agreeing upon candidates for office before an election. The word is a corruption of Caulkers' Meeting, being derived from an association of the shipping interest at Boston, previous to the War of Independence, who were very active in getting up opposition to England.

E. M. J.—There was for a long time considerable perplexity as to the origin of the line you quote: "Though lost to sight, to memory dear," but we believe it has been settled now, beyond all controversy, that it originated with Ruthven Jenkyns, and was first published in the *Greenwich Magazine for Mariners*, in 1701. 2. The other quotations you inquire about, viz.: "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view," and "Like angels' visits, few and far between," are both from Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."

ESTELLE.—The Sandwich Islands, forming the Kingdom of Hawaii, are eight in number, the names, with the area of each, are: Hawaii (formerly Owhyhee), 4,000 square miles; Maui, 620; Oahu, 530; Kaui, 500; Molokai, 168; Lanai, 100; Niihau, 70, and Kahoolawi, about 60 square miles. Who will succeed to the throne after the death of the present king, David Kalakaua, is a matter on which we are not able to inform you. We are sorry we cannot answer your other question, as it is impossible to obtain the information you seek.

M. E. M.—Yes, in England policemen are called "Bobbies" and "Peelers." In this country the common term is "Cop," but what is the origin of it is a mystery to us. "Bobby" and "Peeler" were nicknames given to the new police in London, in allusion to the Christian and surnames of the late Sir Robert Peel, who was the prime mover in effecting their introduction and improvement. It is rather a curious coincidence that the word Bobby is an old English word for striking or hitting, a quality not unknown to policemen.

JERRY.—Christopher Columbus, after having added a new hemisphere to our globe, the noblest navigator the world has ever seen, was permitted, through the base ingratitude of Ferdinand, then King of Spain, to die in poverty at Valladolid, in Spain, on 20th May, 1506. To make up somewhat for his injustice, Ferdinand gave him a pompous funeral, and erected a magnificent monument to his memory, as if "Honor's voice" could

"Provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death."

M. O. S. inquires: "Who is the writer of the following lines, and where are they to be found?

"Oh, think that while you're weeping here
He hand a golden harp is stringing,
And with a voice serene and clear,
His ransomed soul without a fear,
His Maker's praise is singing."

We have no recollection of ever having seen across these lines, nor can we trace their origin. Perhaps some of our readers may be able to help us to give this correspondent the information he seeks.

STUDENT.—We have been tracing up the item to which you drew our attention, and we find that the name of God is spelled in four letters in almost every known language. We have been able to get you a few: Latin, Deus; in Greek, Zeus; Hebrew, Adon; Syria, Adad; Arabian, Alla; Persian, Syre; Tartarian, Igan; Egyptian, Amun or Zeut; East Indian, Eigt or Zewl; Japanese, Xain; Turkish, Allil; Scandinavian, Odin; Wallachian, Sene; Margian, Ese; Swedish, Gold; Irish, Dich; German, Gott; French, Dieu; Spanish, Dios; and Peruvian, Llan.

JACK.—The Sargasso Sea, so called, is a great bank of sea weeds, which so vividly occupied the imagination of Christopher Columbus, and which has been called by some the "sea weed meadows." It is situated just where the Gulf Stream is deflected from the banks of Newfoundland eastward, and sends off its more southern branch towards the Azores. The word "Sargassa" is derived from the Latin word "Sargassum," signifying gulfweed, a genus of seaweeds found floating in immense quantities in some parts of the Atlantic, Pacific, and Indian Oceans.

INQUIRER (Philadelphia).—"What is Credit Mobilier, where did the name originate, and does it exist anywhere?" Credit Mobilier is of French origin, and means a security based on personal property. Its name is expressive to all possessing a knowledge of the French tongue, Mobilier being applicable to the movable nature of personal effects, portable property as we should say in English, the object of a Credit Mobilier scheme is to borrow money on personal effects as a security. In the Union Pacific enterprise the Credit Mobilier was established in order that the money might be borrowed on stocks and bonds. In France the Credit Mobilier is regarded as a regular investment stock, and is daily called on the Paris Bourse before the railway shares, coming immediately after the Government securities and Bank of France shares.

NOMEN.—Before J. P. J., a naturalized citizen and the holder of one or more professional diplomas, can change his name, he must petition the proper court of the county for permission, and to have a rule granted allowing him to do so. This is the only legal and recognized way in which any man can change his name after he has reached twenty-one years of age. 2. "Mesdames Doll and Fancy" would be the proper title. 3. The same answer applies to this form. 4. Yes; the elder lady should be addressed as Mrs. Doll, senior, and the younger, her daughter-in-law, as Mrs. Doll, junior.

G. E. R.—Because you have a father who is "well off" is no reason that you should not work for yourself. No man should idly depend upon another, whatever the relationship existing between them: and no man in this world will be happy who violates the fundamental law of industry. You must work if you are going to be a happy man. It may seem to you hard; but if God had meant that you should be a butterfly, you would be born a butterfly. And as you were not born a moth or a miller, but a man, you must accept the condition of your manhood. If there is one principle that is more important at the very threshold of life than another, it is that man is born to work.

AMBITIOUS.—There is no royal road to learning. Neither is there any royal road to anything else of great value in this life. Work—steady, long continued, and regular application—is the only price for which anything worth the having can be bought. There is no great success of any kind without great labor. When Charles Dickens said that all that he had accomplished had been achieved by diligent, patient, persevering application, he only stated what has been the experience of every successful man. Nothing is more important to young men than that they should early learn and fully comprehend this great truth. It is step by step, by toilsome effort added to toilsome effort, that all great achievements are made.

LILLIE H. asks us "what is the difference between a flirt and a coquette?" Well, there is a difference, but in common signification it is not much. *Coquette* is French for flirt, which is pure English, for according to Walker, a flirt means "a pert hussey, a coquette." In the form of a verb it is "to jeer, to gibe one, to run about perpetually, to be unsteady and fluttering." A flirt may be said to be a woman who runs about perpetually, is unsteady and fluttering. A coquette may be taken to be a more skilful player on the susceptibilities of men. In fact, she is more of what is otherwise termed a jilt. There is, too, about her a refinement and repose which the flirt altogether lacks—so that a coquette may be said to be a cultivated flirt.

JENNIE MAURICE.—The population of England, that is Great Britain and Ireland, is 22,141,488. 2. New South Wales, the oldest of the Australasian Colonies of Great Britain, was first colonized by convicts in 1788, and continued to be a penal settlement until 1840, when the colony was relieved from the transportation of criminals. Tasmania, formerly Van Diemen's Land, then became and continued to be the only colony to which criminals from Great Britain were sent until 1853, when it was relieved from the burden. At the present time Western Australia is the only British colony to which convicts from Great Britain continue to be transported, and for years past immigration into the colony has been almost confined to the persons sent out by the British Government—paupers and criminals.

C. B. C.—"Is there any truth in the theory that the spots on the sun have an influence on the weather? I should like to hear your opinion on the subject." The idea that some connection exists between the weather on the earth and the spots on the sun is supported by the numerous series of meteorological observations which has been collated by a Mr. Charles Meldrum, of the Island of Mauritius, with special reference to the subject. These observations show that there is a terrestrial rainfall periodicity corresponding with the periodicity of solar spots. There is an increase of rain when the spots occupy the largest area of the sun's surface; and, conversely, when the sun-spot area is the smallest, there is a decrease of rain. Whether changes of temperature upon the earth also correspond with the fluctuations of the sun-spots is yet to be determined.

T. L. C. (Chicago, Ills.)—"I believe that all or nearly all of the characters in Dicken's works were taken from real life; at least so I have been told, and I have seen the names given of some of the persons who were so personated. But I have a curiosity to know whether Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Gamp, in Martin Chuzzlewit, were only imaginary characters, or not. Can you tell me?" Mrs. Harris and Mrs. Gamp were nicknames of the London *Morning Herald* and *Standard* newspapers while united under the proprietorship of a Mr. Baldwin. Mrs. Gamp, you know, was continually quoting an imaginary Mrs. Harris in attestation of the superiority of her qualifications, and the infallibility of her opinions. This was intended as a hit at the two newspapers, which appealed to each other as independent authorities, being all the while the production of the same editorial staff.

PSYCHOLOGIST.—Many people have experienced at some period of their lives the feeling to which you allude, that is to say the vague sense of recognition when surveying a presumably novel scene. Allusions to this curious mental phenomenon are frequent in our own literature, and probably the idea of metempsychosis took its rise from this singular impression. A poem called "A Mystery," by the accomplished Whittier, deals beautifully with this experience. After describing how familiar a strange scene appeared to him, he concludes:

Yet ne'er before that river's rim
Was pressed by foot of mine,
Never before mine eyes had crossed
That broken mountain line.

A presence strange at once and known
Walked with me as my guide;
The skirts of some forgotten life
Trailed noiseless at my side.

JOE.—The ocean covers more than half the globe, and this large body of water is in continual motion, ebbing and flowing alternately; that is, if the tide is now at high water mark, it will presently subside and flow back for about six hours, when it will be at low water mark. The time of high water is about three quarters of an hour later every day for nearly thirty days, when it begins as before. This answers to the motion of the moon; for she rises every day about three quarters of an hour later than the preceding one, and thus completes her revolution round the earth in about thirty days. Though the earth's diameter bears a considerable proportion to its distance from the moon, yet this diameter is nothing compared with the earth's distance from the sun; consequently the difference of the sun's attraction on the sides of the earth opposite to him will be far less than the difference of the moon's attraction on the sides opposite to her; therefore the moon must raise the tides higher than they could be raised by the sun.

FOREMAN.—"I have heard some persons talking about 'ground hog day;' what does it refer to?" The 2d of February is known in the rural districts of Maryland, Pennsylvania and Virginia as "ground hog day." The story goes that the ground hog, which has lain dormant in his hiding place for the winter, on Candlemas Day opens his eyes, stretches his limbs, and starts out for a walk. If the weather is gloomy all is well, and the little animal returns home for another nap and another stroll after it. But if the sun shines, as it did this year, his hogship becomes alarmed at his shadow, retreats precipitately to his lair, and does not emerge again for six weeks, during all which time the very worst kinds of winter weather will prevail. This superstition is an old one, brought from Germany. There the saying is that the badger walks abroad on Candlemas Day, and if he finds snow he is pleased, but if the sun shines he goes home and falls asleep, in a bad humor, because the sun hurts his eyes.

M. P. M.—"Is it known who was the inventor of the mariner's compass?" So far from being able to name the individual to whom the invention of this wonderful instrument is due, it has been a subject of controversy among scientists to fix even upon the nation who first used the needle at sea. Nearly all of the older authors agree in fixing the period at which its use was first popularized in Europe as the latter part of the twelfth and commencement of the thirteenth century, but none of them mention the inventor by name, or even indicate his nation. This circumstance leads to the conclusion that it was unknown to them, and that consequently the inventor was not an European. The theory that the Europeans obtained it from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Chinese, is supported by the following facts: In a manuscript work, written by an Arabian in the year 1240, the properties of the loadstone are mentioned, and the needle and its polarity spoken of as being then known and employed at sea. This was in 1240, while it was not till twenty years afterwards (1256) that Friar Bacon first made mention of it as a wonderful curiosity; thus proving the priority of the invention, or at all events of the knowledge of the invention to the Arabs. But its origin was derived from a region situated still farther to the east, and many centuries earlier. A famous Chinese dictionary, finished in the 121 year of our era, defines the word magnet as "The name of a stone which gives direction to a needle." And the dictionary, published during the Tsin Dynasty, between 265 and 419, states distinctly that ships guided their course by means of the magnet. And a Medical Natural History, published in China in 1112, speaks even of the variation of the needle, a phenomenon which was first noticed in Europe by Christopher Columbus in 1492. Having thus seen that the Chinese were acquainted with the use of the magnetized needle so early as the year 121, and that they were aware of its variation in 1112, it may fairly be taken for granted that they employed it at sea in those long voyages which they made in the seventh and eighth centuries.

J. B. DARLOW.—"Is there such a thing as spontaneous combustion? I have been reading Marryat's 'Jacob Faithful,' where Jacob's mother perished by this strange fate, she having been such a drunkard that her body was supposed to be so impregnated with alcohol that it ignited of itself and slowly burned away. Now is this only a fiction, or is there any truth in it?" The occurrence of spontaneous combustion has been denied by Casper, the eminent German medico-jurist; and M. Chassaignol, of Paris, similarly denies its existence. Spontaneous combustion was first noticed in 1692; and, since then, the few cases which have been recorded describe the phenomena as constating to the presence of a blue lambent flame, of a peculiar odor, and of inflammable gases. Various experiments convinced the above-named French savant that the tissues, although steeped in alcohol, have no power of spontaneous ignition and combustion, and that, in all probability, the phenomena ascribed to this cause have no existence. Certain it is that the phenomena and symptoms have never been described, even in cases where combustion was alleged to take place, with that accuracy and *prima facie* appearance of correctness which we expect to find in scientific and medical literature.

ZERO.—The cold for three weeks this winter in England has been excessive, we notice by the news from Europe, but it was comparatively temperate as distinguished from the cold of other winters. In 1709 occurred that famous winter in which rivers and lakes were frozen, and even the seas, to the distance of several miles from the shore. The frost is said to have penetrated three yards into the ground. Birds and wild beasts were strewn dead in the fields, and men perished by thousands in their houses. The more tender shrubs and vegetables in England were killed. In the south of France the olive plantations were almost entirely destroyed, nor have they yet quite recovered that fatal disaster. The Adriatic Sea was quite frozen over, and even the coast of the Mediterranean, about Genoa, and the citron and orange trees suffered most severely in the finest parts of Italy. In 1716 the winter was cold, and on the Thames booths were erected and fairs held. In 1729 the frost lasted from October till May. The cold of 1740 was scarcely inferior to that of 1709. The snow lay eight and ten feet deep in Spain and Portugal. The Zuyder Zee was frozen over, and many thousand persons walked and skated over it. All the lakes in England were frozen over, and a whole ox was roasted on the Thames. In 1776 much snow fell, and the cold was intense. Wine froze in the cellars both in France and Holland. The last long frost in England was in 1814, when a fair was held on the Thames.

AN OLD FRIEND.—In answer to your question we may say, that any year divisible by 4 without a remainder is Leap Year, which comes every fourth year. Thus 1876 will be Leap Year. The solar, or true year, is 365 days, 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 47 7-10 seconds. For convenience, we drop these hours, minutes and seconds in our ordinary reckoning, and call the civil year 365 days. Hence we lose nearly a day in this reckoning, every four years—we *actually* lose in 4 years, four times 5 hours, 48 minutes, and 48 seconds, which is not quite a day. But, for round numbers again, we call it a day, and therefore add a day to every fourth year—naming it the 29th of February. Of course by thus adding a *whole* day, we add a little too much—11 minutes and nearly 12 seconds too much a year. That in 100 years, would amount to say 1,120 minutes; and, of course, if this discrepancy also were not provided for, in the course of centuries it would vitiate the calendar. Therefore, once every hundred years, a Leap Year is skipped, for three consecutive centuries—on the fourth century it is retained, because the balance is a little the other way again. Thus for three centuries we have an excess of 3,360 minutes, corrected by dropping 3 days, or 4,320 minutes, leaving a discrepancy of 960 minutes. This, then, is partially corrected by continuing the Leap Year as unusual on the fourth century, putting us within about 480 minutes, or 8 hours, of being right at the end of every fourth century—near enough right for all practical purposes.

A SUBSCRIBER (Felicity, Ohio).—There is no such thing as "Scotch Granite Marble." Granite and marble are two entirely different rocks. Granite is composed of crystals of the three minerals, quartz, felspar, and mica, which gives it the peculiar glittering appearance with which we are all, or should be all, so familiar. "Scotch Granite" is of two kinds, the gray Aberdeen granite and the reddish-colored Peterhead granite, both extensively used for ornamental purposes. The latter especially being used for polished columns for public halls, etc. Marble, on the other hand, is a hard stone, occurring in beds of mountain limestone, underlying the coal measures. The chief ingredient is lime; indeed, any limestone rock sufficiently hard to admit of a polish is called a marble. There are an infinite variety of marbles; the color and markings vary so much, as well as the grain and quality of the stone, that there are hardly two quarries in the world which produce exactly the same kind. The most esteemed white marble is all imported from Italy, or from the Island of Paros in the Grecian Archipelago. That from Italy, the Carrara marble, was known to the ancients; that from Paros is the Parian marble, and it was of this kind that some of the most exquisite Grecian sculptures were formed, among others the famous Venus de Medici. Of colored marbles, the best known are the Rosso Antico, a deep blood-red sprinkled with minute white dots; Verde Antico, a clouded green; Giallo Antico, a deep yellow with black rings; and Nero Antico, a deep black marble. Both the granite and marble are quarried, that is excavated out of quarries, just in the same manner as other building stones. The young man in your community who tells you that "marble is taken from the ground in small particles, which are put together afterwards by dipping them in glue," displays a very remarkable degree of knowledge of geology!

UNCLE SAM.—"What is a 'carat,' and how is the value of a diamond usually estimated. I suppose there is a regular rule for doing so, and if you can tell me, it would be conferring a favor on one of the oldest subscribers to the Post?" The designation carat was originally applied to the seeds of the Abyssinian coral-flower, which, being small and very uniform in size, came to be used in weighing gold and precious stones. At present, the troy ounce is divided by goldsmiths and assayers into 24 parts, each called a carat, and when the gold case of a watch is stated to be "18 carats fine," it means that there are eighteen parts of pure gold to six of alloy—this is called 18 C. Wedding rings, properly made, ought to contain 22 C. gold. In weighing diamonds the basis is a fixed weight—equal to three and one sixth troy grains—divided into quarters, or "C grains," eighths, sixteenths, twenty-seconds and sixty-fourths. As these C grains are thus less than troy grains, the jeweler has to keep a separate set of diamond weights. There is another reason not generally known. In wet or heavy weather, diamonds, probably by some absorption of moisture from the atmosphere, become slightly increased in weight; while, on the other hand, they weigh somewhat lighter in dry weather. It would be the dealer's advantage, therefore, to buy diamonds in dry weather and sell them in damp weather; but to secure fair play, the practice is to weigh diamonds, whether for purchase or sale, against diamond weights. The value of diamonds is generally estimated by the following rule: Square the number of carats the diamond weighs, and multiply the result by the value of a single carat. Thus, taking the market value at $10 per carat, a rough diamond of 12 carats weight would be worth $1,440—for 12 multiplied (or squared) by 12 comes to 144, which multiplied by $10, the value of a single carat, amounts to $1,440.

MISCELLANEOUS.—M. L. E.—To prevent your little girl biting her nails, dip her fingers into aloes. This will cure her. VIOLET.—We hardly understand your question. Why do you wish to be "delicately white?" Most sensible persons would take that to be a sign of disease. DISCOURAGED.—You have, we think, adopted a very wise course. Persevere in your determination, and time will efface his memory. C. MAHAN.—We don't know his address. We do not answer by mail. A. A. F. (Snydersville, Pa.)—We are sorry we cannot comply with your request. REPORTER.—Yes; Pitman's System of Phonography is as good as any other, and easily learned. JOHN CRANK.—At almost any store where they deal in false h